

ΣΤΡΑΤΟΛΟΓΙΑ  
OR THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
ENGLISH  
CIVIL VVARRS,  
In English Verse.

Containing a brief Account of all Fights,  
most Skirmishes, Stratagems and Sieges  
in *ENGLAND*.

From the very first Originall of our late Warres,  
till the Martyrdome of King *Charles* the First  
of blessed Memory.

By an Eye-Witnesse of many of them.

*A. C.*

*Alta sedent Civiles vulnera Dextra.*

*LONDON,*

Printed, for *Joseph Cranford*, at the *Castle* and  
*Lyon* in *St. Pauls Church-yard*. 1660

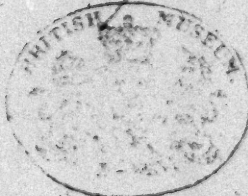


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TO THE  
Right Honourable *William*  
AND  
Truly Noble  
*CONYERS DARCY,*  
Lord *Darcy, Meynell*  
and *Conyers.*

**T**Hrice noble Sir, pardon this bold addresse,  
In that my soaring Muse pitch'd on no lesse  
A Patronage, than your Renowned Name.  
Imboldned hereto was I, 'cause your Fame  
Recorded is amongst those Hero's; who  
The Royall Cause maintain'd against a Foe  
Under pretences specious that Rebell'd.

VWhen (yet a Boy) your Colours I beheld  
And Regiment so gallant by you rais'd  
Even by my Infant-Muse your worth was prais'd,

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

An Actor on this Bloody Scene you were ,  
And an eye-witnesse of most Fields fought here  
That blood you lost your valour may declare ;  
Your judgement this, that no pretence (though fair)  
Your intellect could blind; your Faithfulness  
In that you fought, till that of Souldiers lesse ,  
Under your tattered Colours did appear ,  
Then Cinquefoils in your honours Colours were.  
Wounds you receiv'd, and much of blood did lose ,  
VVhilst on the field, your life you did expose  
To do your Sovereign service. Sure that blood  
Expended in a cause Royally good  
Your Honour is; your wounds then chains of gold ,  
Are Ornaments more glorious to behold. (known ?

Your sufferings since the VVarres who hath not  
You paid both for your Souldiers, and your own  
Loyalty, nor would your braye mind submit  
To composition, till much mov'd to it,  
By your most vertuous Lady's prayers and tears ,  
Your name the last in that black Roll appears.  
( Except the martyr'd *Slingby's*) none there are ,  
Of all your Honour'd House engag'd in VVarre  
Against your King: these things induc'd my Muse,  
You ( as the fittest person) Sir to chuse ,  
To patronize these her first rude Essayes.

Let not oblivion cancel the due praise  
(It's the Debenters we are like to have )  
Of all those Sons of *Mars*, and Souldiers brave.

That

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

That for their Sovereign fought and suffer'd too,  
In this they live, whilst this doth live by you.

*Your Honours most humble*

*and most devoted in all service*

AN. COOPER.

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THE



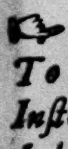


THE  
EPISTLE  
TO THE  
READER,

**E**Xpect not, Reader, this Book should impart,  
The Flourishes of Rhethorick, or of Art;  
Such polite Strains do not indeed become  
The Camp; nor suit the Trumpet or the Drum.  
The more refined Muses have with Mars  
No intercourse, Society, commerce.  
Blunt Language doth in truth the best declare,  
The dreadful fury of our Civil Warre.  
Rage, blood, and death, each Page herein they shew  
Of Cities, Castles, Towns, the overthrow.  
Rapine, and plunder, all those sad effects,  
Wherewith a Civil Warre a Land infects.

When

## The Epistle to the Reader.

 When first for Oxford, fully there intent,  
To study learned Sciences I went.  
Instead of Logicke, Physicke, School-converse,  
I did attend the armed Troops of Mars.  
Instead of Books, I Sword, Horse, Pistols bought,  
And on the Field I for Degrees then fought.

My years had not amounted full eighteen,  
Till I on Field, wounded three times had been.  
Three times in sieges close had been immur'd,  
Three times imprisonments restraint indur'd.

In those sad times these Verses rude were writ,  
For Poesie a season most unfit.

Yet is my subject high: the Hystory true,  
Presented in this Book unto thy view.

Well-nigh each Skirmish, Stratagem, Siege, fight;  
In these late Warres, we here present to sight.

And if thou shalt accept these first Essayes,  
Shortly perchance we may in smother Layes

The second part of our sad Annals sing,  
Till the blest Restauration of our King.

who like the Sun after a dismal night,  
Of sad oppression, did restore both light

And glory to these Nations ruinous,  
whose Rising and illustrious shine on us.

Lighted these Lines out from Oblivion's Cell,  
To which they were condemn'd, the world to tell,

That though the Royal Party was Captiv'd,  
The best of Kings, of his blest life depriv'd,

Yet

## The Epistle to the Reader.

*Yet Oceans of Loyall blood was shed,  
Before bold Traytors this accomplished.  
But strange that we were beat, lest it be thought,  
Upon great disadvantages we fought;  
The Parliament the Navy had procur'd:  
With them to side, all Armonies secur'd  
And Magazines, usurped the Kings Lands,  
Customes, Revenues, Rents into their hands,  
With Arms, and Coyn their men they could recruit,  
When ours of both indeed were destitute.  
But I transgresse the bounds of my intent,  
And thee from reading these our Warres, prevent.*

A. C.

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THE





# THE ENGLISH CIVIL VVARRS.

## BOOK I.



### The Contents.

*See first a good, then a bad Parliament,  
The fatal causes of our discontent,  
The two Scotch expeditions; causes why,  
Ireland's Rebellion, Strafford's Tragedy,  
London tumultuous: The Kings brave intents  
Ireland for to relieve; Hotham prevents,  
By Hulls denyall; which the King to take  
Forces combines: Meldrum on them doth make  
Two Sallies bold: Some Royalists are slain,  
The King for York from Hull retreats again.  
A noble Persons councill, some releife  
Contributes to the King, oppress'd with grief.*

**S**EE! where our English three Estates do sit,  
In Parliament: a Councel onely sit,




*The English Civil VVarres.*

Our Nation to secure from bold abuse,  
To legal forme, injustice to reduce,  
To delete bad; just laws to procreate,  
Publick assigns to guide and regulate,  
To act what may conduce to the renown,  
Both of the State, Religion, and the Crown;  
*Englands* Epitomie; representation,  
My Muse invites, excites to admiration!  
Thy noble Senate, *Rome*, my wonder was,  
Till this high Court their lustre did surpasse,  
As fair as *Cynthia* that pale Queene of night,  
Out-shined is, by *Phœbus* glorious light:  
If admiration did thy thoughts transport,  
From *Rome's* Terrestrial to Heavens glorious Court,  
Much more, *Fulgentius*, might thy ravish'd minde  
From this to Heaven's a quick transition finde,  
But what malignity, vicious excesse  
Is this, a Parliament cannot redresse,  
The body politicke symptomes presents,  
That all these State-Physitians discontents,  
A dolorous Corasive we must indure,  
These sad distempered Nations to recure:  
Whilst head and members do indeed agree,  
A Parliament's a Sovereaign remedy  
To cure distempers, but if these discent,  
Each seemes to move out of their element;  
And such a motion must in the conclusion  
(Being irregular) induce confusion.

The hands of food, the belly did deprive;  
 ( As in the fable ) but how long survive ?  
 Those most ingrateful members, by and by,  
 They with the dying belly also dye.  
 Our Army's sad miscarriages must bee  
 At *Cades*, *Rochel*, and the Isle of *Rhes*,  
 All charg'd upon the King; when as the State  
 Themselves made those designs unfortunate,  
 By not allowing to his Majesty,  
 Such supplements of Coin, and Souldiery,  
 To mannage those most excellent designs;  
 Unto some purpose: when the State declines  
 The King to second, who can then expect,  
 That brave attempts, should have a wish'd effect?  
 Ship-monys, Poles, Taxes, Monopolies,  
 Illegal Pressures, frequent subsidies,  
 They charge the King to have without consent,  
 Impos'd on us, out of his Parliament.  
 But could our Royal Navies mannag'd bee,  
 Commerce maintain'd; our Seas from Piracy  
 Be kept secure, and all out of nothing?  
 Crows are not killed with an empty sling;  
 Or may not Kings? when as the exigent  
 Of state requires, without a Parliament,  
 Impose such monies, without all abuse,  
 Upon their subjects, for such Sovereign use?  
 If not, then farewell Crown, and Royalty,  
 Who would not rather a Plebeian bee?

4      *The English Civil Warres.*

But peace, as yet these things seem'd to repressse,  
Which did prepose a vulgar happinesse,  
Till Vengeance eminent, Celestial Ire,  
Enflam'd three kingdomes in the fatal fire  
Of Warre: for blood these raging flames to quench  
Bright *English* Swords, brave *English* veins must  
Nothing but blood, dolorous Phlebotomie, (drench  
Can cure poor *England* of this Lethargie,  
Hot was the Zeal (too hot for to be good) (blood.  
That must be quench'd with so much Christian  
 The King now presseth a Conformity,  
In *Scotland*, to our *English* Liturgy,  
Intent all his three Kingdomes to combine,  
In Uniformity of Discipline,  
Holding that Prelacy doth most agree,  
Both with the Scriptures and Antiquity;  
For in our *English* Sphere even then did shine,  
Such Prelates Orthodox, truely Divine,  
Whose learned works like blossoms redolent,  
Sweetly respire, an odoriferous sent;  
And if my genius real truth inspire,  
Their worths ensuing ages shall admire.  
That the Kings Order might acceptance finde,  
Some Scottish Bishops also are design'd  
For Privy Councellors: But detestation  
Of Prelacy possess'd the Scottish Nation,  
Shall their Presbytery now be substituted?  
To Prelacy the cause not pre-disputed?

This



This *Dagon* ne're their Altars shall infest,  
 Their combin'd Synods boldly do Protest,  
 This Liturgy much Popery did comprize,  
 And did the Romish Missals sympathize,  
 Boldly (though falsely) do the *Scots* relate,  
 And with our Bishops thus expostulate,  
 Shall Romish Missals have their toleration?  
 And Scotch Presbytery to all extirpation,  
 Papists, than *Calvinists* lesse odious be,  
*Rome*, than *Geneva* to proud Prelacy.  
 In audience of their Commons, Kirk, Estates,  
 The King a Scottish Bishop imperates  
 At *Edenborough* this Book for to repeat,  
 With zealous fury: Furious zeal repleat.  
 The *Scots* avow their general disaffections,  
 By barbarous tumults; furious insurrections,  
 Had not the Bishop's heels been his redresse,  
 He sure had dy'd in that tumultuous presse.  
 And that their zeal rebellious might appear,  
 They rise in Armes, then covenant and swear  
 Presbytery to defend, even with their blood:  
 When as his Majesty this understood,  
 (With this affront so high, who could dispence?)  
 He vengeance doth avow in consequence,  
 Upon the Rebels Prelacy disdaining,  
 And this his Liturgies non-entertaining.  
 Then to defend himself, and them to fright  
 Into subjection, rather than to fight.



The King doth a defensive Army raise ,  
 Yet both by messages and wise delays ,  
 Their furious zeal the King thought to allay ,  
 And their Ring-leaders curbe some other way ,  
 Then by the dint of Sword : but the more milde  
 They finde the King, the *Scots* grow far more wilde  
 Impudent, fierce, seditious, arrogant !  
 What can induce such Zealots to recant ?  
 But *England's* ease, and peace here terminates ,  
 Reclused are those Iron-Temple Gares ,  
 Of *Janus* ; angry *Jove* by frequent Thunder ,  
 Foretold those discontents that rent asunder  
 This Monarchy : Hell's impious furies rage ,  
 Prodigious blazing-Comers, Starres, presage,  
*England's* sad fate, Arm'd Chivalry appear ,  
 Pransing upon the Clouds in full carrear ,  
 And huge Battalions of Arm'd Infantry ,  
 Marshal'd on the Etherial Canopy  
 Of Heaven; with beating Drums, Colours displai'd  
 And roaring Cannons, seeme for to invade  
 Each other : Tragedy, Murther, Blood, Dearth ,  
 Declare Heaven's vengeance to rebellious Earth;  
 Abortive, monstrous births of every kind ,  
 Are to presage the rage of Heaven design'd ,  
 Sea-monsters with innumerable swarmes  
 Of Fishes; bids *England* now prepare for Armes ,  
 All Creatures our sad destinies disclose ,  
 Sounding Alarm's unto our future woes ,

But

Bat though *Pandora* from her Box do venge,  
 All the cur'd Symptomes of dire discontent.  
 To *England* her ensuing miseries,  
 Though Heaven, sea, land, and all things crumpetise  
 Yet all cannot extract a just remorse,  
 From *England*, her lov'd sine, for to divorce,  
 Mens hearts obdure, impure, impenitent,  
 Impious, Seditious, proud, malevolent,  
 No Rethorick from such crimes can men perswade  
 Ruine-portending Judgements to evade.

¶ Now Beat our English Drums, for Volunteers  
 Royal Commissions, to our Nobles, Peers,  
 Are given, to raise great forces in all parts, (hearts  
 Kings oft mens hands command, when not their  
 To *York* in *April* these Commanders bring,  
 This gallant Army to attend the King,  
 Who there designes them *Scotland* to invade  
 And *Arundel*'s their Caprain-General made.

¶ For *Scotland* now it's no time to recant,  
 They vow for to maintain their Covenant  
 Against the King, National devastation,  
 Kirk-Disciplines intended alteration,  
 Against proud Prelates, and the Kings design  
 They now profess they did, and will combine,  
 That their rebellion might it self discry  
 Yet further; these their Frontiers Fortify,  
 Leavy more Forces to defend their Land,  
 Which *Alexander Lesley* doth command,

And to prevent the entrance of the King ,  
*Lesley* to *Kelsay* doth his forces bring ,  
 From *York* with display'd Colours, bearing Drums ,  
 To *Barwick* now the English Army comes ,  
 Where first the prospect of the *Scots* white Tents ,  
 Bold opposition to the King presents.  
 For *Carlisle* are design'd some Regiments ;  
 Whose in-rides *Lesley's* vigilance prevents ;  
 Having a party there in readinesse ,  
 All such attempts expected to repressse ,  
 Finding the *Scots* to fight thus resolute ,  
 With words, not Swords, the cause they'l now dis-  
 Our *Grandeers* courage this doth much abate, (pure  
 No hopes *Presbytery*, to *Episcopate*.  
 The River *Tweed* these Armies did divide ,  
 Who in their Quarters quietly recide ,  
 For some few months, and then strong Obligations  
 Of Peace, concluded are betwixt the Nations.  
 Both Armies to retreat and be disbanded ,  
 Are by the Generals of both parts commanded ;  
 But while the King for *London's* retrograde ,  
 The *Scots* their faithlesse faith again betray'd ,  
 And in their words an *odium* is discry'd ,  
 Unto that League confirm'd, pre-ratify'd.  
 Nor would the *Scots* their Forces now disband ,  
 But sleight the League, the Peace, the King's Com-  
 So much for their own ends, and by-respects, (mand  
*Scots* faith upon advantages reflects.



New Articles they feigne wherein the King,  
So low in condiscentions they do bring,  
As never Monarch would (though quite subdu'd)  
On such dishonourable tearms conclude.  
Which when the King receiv'd, and read, said hee,  
Because my Forces all disbanded bee  
Will they abuse mee thus; can they pretend  
That wee, to these base tearms would condiscend?  
No said the King: *London* to'th' *Tower* is sent,  
Who did these forged Articles present;  
All Copies of which forg'd Pacification,  
The common Hangman burns; new preparation  
For *Scotland's* made: The King with new supplies  
*Edenborough* and *Dun-Brittan* fortifies,  
Those Scottish Merchants that in *England* Trade,  
Their Covenant for to abjure are made.  
The King having his Army new recruited,  
His Captain-general *Strafford* is deputed,  
The *Scots* their march For *England* do direct,  
*Strafford's* advance at *Barwick* to expect,  
His Excellence now in the *North* arriv'd,  
This was the first designe by him contriv'd,  
That *Holland* should passe *Tweed*, and there discry  
The Scottish Camp, number, Arillery,  
Who their Vant-guard on *Dunfian* hills espyes,  
Back with his Troopes for *England* then he flies,  
As though his Lordship with a panick fear,  
Had been surpriz'd to see the *Scots* so near,

The



The *Scots* their Camp dislodge, march thorow *Tweed*  
 The English Force retreat, and do receed,  
 The *Scot Northumberland*; *Strafford's* design  
 Is to fight *Lesley* on the banks of *Tine*;  
 The *Scots* for *Newburne* streight direct their course  
 Discover, Charge, and Rout the English Horse,  
 After which running Charge, flying dispute,  
 Through *Tine*, the *Scot* imboldned, makes pursue,  
 After our English dispers'd Regiments,  
 Rumours of Conquests are of large extents,  
*New-Castle* is deserted, whose wide Barrs;  
 Stand open to the Scottish Conquerers,  
 The *Newcastilians* can the *Scots* allow,  
 In prospect of their walls to randevow,  
 Their Drums they beat, their Colours they display,  
 Their Trumpets sound; the Tryumphs of that day  
 To celebrate; with Scottish *Levires* sweet,  
 Thy ecchoing walls, *New-Castle* they do greet,  
 The Army drawn to a form circular,  
 The General in the mid'st 'gan to declare,  
 In Scottish Rhethorick; learned Oratory;  
 This speech ensuing, to augment their glory.  
 ♀ Fellows in Armes, brave martialists combin'd  
*England* to conquer; Men by fate design'd,  
 For better Climes then *Scotland* can afford,  
 Fair *England*, *England*, on your hearts record,  
 As your debenters for past misery,  
 As your reward for future gallantry,

Each

Each Loun shall have a Lady for his prize ,  
Each Loun and Clowne *England* will Gentelize ,  
Your Bonnets shall be chang'd to Beavers brave ,  
For louzy gray, of Scarlet Cloaks yee's have, (near  
For Broangs, my Rooges, ye shall ha Boers most  
For Plads, bra Lads, ye shall ha Sures compleat ,  
For Cottages of Sods, Halls of square stone ,  
And Lord it bravely, rule the roast alone ,  
See, these wide gates, do our approach expect ,  
As though they did our conquering Troops affect ,  
Wee shall get riches, honours, *Englands* goods ,  
View these bra Towns, fields fertile, cristal floods  
Our Scottish *Frisb*, equality disclaims,  
To *Northern Tine*, much more to *Southern Thames*.  
Here are some Lads the *Germaine* wars ha seen ,  
And in those sharpe encounters parties been ,  
Who can as well, even as my self record ,  
Those sad vastations by the furious Sword ,  
This English warr's a Theater for play ,  
Face but the Louns, they'l span their gates away .  
This first Encounter doth good fate presage ,  
The vanquish'd scarce with victors will engage.  
*Hermaphrodites*, virago's feminine ,  
Cannot dispence with Martial Discipline ,  
English effeminate , Pudding-fed Lads ,  
Ken not the muckle worth obscur'd in Plads ,  
Warres, vigills, Famins, tumults, frights, alarms ,  
Will scar the Louns from dalliance, Ladies armes ,  
The

The muckle hardlineſſe that warres comprize,  
 Will ſoon theſe Engliſh Louns anatomize.  
 Freſh-water Souldiers, milk-ſops cannot fight,  
 Our very looks them daunt; ſhroudly affright;  
 On then, let's proſecure our conquering Fates,  
 Delay breeds danger: Cow-hearts animates,  
 Warres praſiſe courage breeds, exempts diſmay,  
 Though now they quake to hear our Muſkets play.  
 From *Biſhoprick* our Forces make reſeſſion,  
 Now wholly yeelded to the *Scots* poſſeſſion,  
 In general our Grandees the Warres decline,  
 As private favorites of the *Scots* deſign,  
 But future blood-ſhed, ruine to prevent,  
 Both Armys to a treaty now conſent, (tion  
 Firſt they conclude for two months, Armes ceſſa-  
 To pay the *Scots* the prefix'd times duration;  
*North-humber, Dure-holme, Carlile, Weſtmore-Land*  
 Are all reſign'd unto the *Scot's* command,  
 For Winter-Quarrers; Private wrongs, abuſe  
 Muſt not infringe the pre-concluded Truce,  
 During the Peace in *England*. Merchandize,  
 By ſea and land the *Scots* may exerciſe,  
 But Souldiers without Order, leave expreſſe,  
 Muſt not from Quarters, wander or digreſſe.  
 Thus reſts the Armys, and thus Warres ſurceaſe,  
 Better than Warre, (though juſt) is impious Peace  
 This may encourage others to Rebell,  
 When as the *Scots* rewarded are ſo well;



The Scottish League, by this time, doth expire  
Paid, and reduc'd, their forces home retire ;

*London* the King incontinent forsakes ,  
And into *Scotland* streight himself betakes,  
Not one auspicious look these *Scots* would cast ,  
Upon their King, as he their Armies pas'd.

Yet the Kings presence, in the Scottish State ,  
Did their tumultuous madnesse much abate.

Whilst here the King resides *Ireland* Rebels ,  
And puts in practise those Hell-stamped spells ,  
Plots Jesuitical : by barbarous death ,

Poor Protestants for to deprive of breath ,  
Inhumane Tyrannies, deadly perswasions ,

Licentious rage, bloody insinuations ,  
Infused are by numerous distribution ;

Into the Multitude, in execution ;  
These bloody Plots to put joyntly conjur'd ,

To such attempts, *Romes* Locusts are inur'd ;  
Two hundred thousand Protestants there dye ,  
As sacrifices to *Romes* Tyranny ,

A Prologue to that Tragedy whose rage ,  
Must be enacted on our English Stage.

*Phabus* th' Autumnal Equinoctial Line ,  
Towards the Pole Antartick did decline ;

The sable Queen of the black-mantled night ,  
Had fill'd her Semi-globe with borrowed light ,

And now to *Thetis* lap precipitate ,  
Darknesse gave way these facts to perpetrate ,

Darknesse



Darknesse, the works of darknesse to contrive,  
 Gave way: yet did poor Protestants deprive  
 Of all resistance; whom by multitudes,  
 That mid-night in the night of death includes;  
 Murther, death, rapine, barbarous butchery,  
 A confus'd, dismal, hideous mid-night-cry,  
 Did fill th' affrighted slumbering peoples ears;  
 Fire from the burning Villages appears,  
 With it's aspiring flames daring the sky,  
 Whole familys of naked people flie  
 Thinking those scorching flames for to prevent,  
 Meet death, in the contrary Element,  
 And are by thousands into waters forc'd,  
 Whose souls and bodies soon are there divorc'd,  
 Whilst man and wife, securely arme in arme;  
 Lye slumbering, clear devoid of thoughts of harm;  
 A confus'd noyse them both doth terrifie,  
 Listning, at length, they plainly do discry,  
 The pitious plaints of poor injured wights, (frights,  
 This from their sleep (though last) them both af-  
 Up starts the man, opening the Casement wide,  
 The Country round about on fire he spi'd,  
 The naked people that came running by,  
 Cry'd, Neighbour, rise, flye for your life, oh! flye,  
 This unsuspected, dismal accident,  
 Dismaies them both, but see! Incontinent,  
 The Rebels break up doors, the house they fire,  
 And sacrifice to their infernal Ire

The

The suppliant peoples lives : they violate  
The wife in sight of her now dying Mate ,  
They dye their skins in blood, by barbarous power  
Their Maids and Virgins chaste they do deflower ;  
Before their Mothers eyes, shame bids conceal ,  
Those Barbarisms acted by their Popish zeal ,  
For what they act, for what blood they expend ,  
Commission from the King, the Rogues pretend ,  
And when the Irish work's done, they professe,  
By force to *London* for to make access.

To guard the King from *Scotland* to *White-hall* ,  
And came that Juncto Puritanicall.  
But this was an officious Popish lye ,  
Those jealousies to widen, multiply ,  
That were betwixt the King and Parliament ,  
The King did such compliance, scorne resent ;  
And would have queld (though with his bloods ex-  
This proud rebellion; Irish insolence . (pence )  
Thy wings (my Muse) though bloody, elevate ,  
The Irish Sea, thou now must transvolate ,  
Wash not thy plumes; thy bloody plumes may bee  
A Symptome of poor *Ireland*s misery ,  
And may extract remorse from hearts of stone ,  
To hear thy queremonious plaints, and moan,  
Relief to grief, pray *England* distribute ,  
What's *Ireland*s now, may once be *Englands* sure .  
To *London* streight my dolorous Muse now flies.  
But few with *Ireland*s grief there Sympathize,

For

For bold Petitions, by a multitude  
 Of people barbarous, factious, savage, rude,  
 Are brought each day into the Parliament,  
 Faction, disorder, tumult, discontent  
 Fills every place; *Strafford*, and *Land* accus'd  
 Of Treason are; the King himself abus'd,  
 Asper'd, injur'd, each of his words and deeds,  
 Wrested, misconstru'd and from hence proceeds  
 These jealousies, surmises, fears, that ring,  
 In Vulgar ears, fomented 'gainst the King,  
 By *Canniballs*, who Monarchy resent,  
 Anarchy for to introduce intent.  
 Hence Pamphlets, Scandals, base Libells flye,  
 Plum'd with abuse of Royal Majesty,  
 Because the King was moderate, gentle, meek,  
 Like *Aesop's* Frogs, these his deposal seek;  
 And may a Storke dominion o're them bear,  
 That to a King so good; perfidious were.  
 Few *Straffords* admired parts could imitate,  
 The reason why, most him did emulate;  
 This noble person, an ignoble crew,  
 With Justice, Justice, in their mouth pursue;  
 And prosecute to death; The King doth signe  
 The fatal Bill, (though much he did decline)  
 To passe his Royal (here scarce his) consent;  
 And *Strafford* dyes for an expediment  
 Of State: In *Strafford* was the King o'rethrown;  
 With *Strafford's* ruine, he subscrib'd his own,

*Pym*



*Pym, Hamden, Hollis, Hasleridge and Strood*  
 With scandals most injurious, daily load  
 The King: whom when of Treason he accuses,  
 The House to try them legally refuses;  
 Can injur'd Majesty be pacifi'd,  
 When his demands (so legal,) are deny'd,  
 For then the King with his sole Guard attended,  
 Came to the House, thought to have apprehended  
 The Traitors; but alas, the Kings intent,  
 Their absence purposely, did then prevent.  
 All these are bad presages to suspect,  
 That some did Monarchy now dis-affect;  
 Such Symptomes have a dismal reference,  
 Into their thoughts inward malevolence.  
 Distempers will work out their malady,  
 Depress'd but not oppress'd, such thoughts may be,  
 Like furious winds seeking their rage to vent,  
 Which in the concaves of the earth are pent,  
 Having at length all obstacles extruded,  
 Whereby their force impetuous was included;  
 Rush out with too audacious insolence,  
 And by their uncontrouled violence,  
 Do curl the Oceans billows, bow the Woods,  
 Blow from their Channels the dispersed floods,  
 Untile the houses, Sacrilegiously,  
 From Churches rent their leaden Cannopy,  
 Jove scorning to obey, if Jove withstand,  
 Till *Jolus* do their retreat command,

Thus thoughts most turbulent till now suppress,  
 Enforce their way from many a factious breast:  
 Boldly their malice 'gainst the King they vent,  
 Ambitious of eruption and extent.  
 Conscience and counsel must to power give way,  
 To teach the Crown, the Gown now to obey,  
 The peoples priviledges to dissolve,  
 In Warre and Blood, this Nation to involve,  
 Their Wills as laws on *England* to enforce;  
 Unto the Sword our Statists take recourse.  
 What stratagems had long time been projected,  
 Come to their birth, and must be now effected.  
 Forces they raise, yet under this pretence,  
 The House to Guard, to be their own defence.  
 And *Essex* o're their new Militia bands,  
 By Order from the House, in chief commands.  
 At this (high time) *London* the King forsakes,  
 And unto *York* his journey streight he takes;  
 From whence he certifies the Parliament,  
 That his resolves for *Ireland* were intent,  
 His presence would be a most Sovereign spell,  
 The Rebels minds to charme, their force to quell:  
 To his victorious Ensignes he doth vow,  
 To make the proudest of such traitors bow:  
 And in pursuance of such high intents,  
 He in the *North* will raise some Regiments,  
 Which from *Hulls* Magazine all Arm'd must be  
 For *Ireland*, to attend his Majesty.

Twas

'Twas not the King then (as some him bely)  
 That did obstruct from *Ireland* that supply,  
 That might those Rebels Armies have subdu'd,  
 And tam'd that Savage, Popish multitude.  
 To *York* the Northern Gentry summon'd are,  
 To whom the King his purpose doth declare,  
 Commanding their attendance, most obey,  
 With these the King for *Hull* streight takes his way  
 Who to the gares with this Traine makes address,  
 But *Hotham* there denys his King access,  
 Requesting him not to demand what hee,  
 Cannot now grant without disloyalty  
 To th' Parliament: The King soon makes reply;  
 Our entrance, good Sir *John*, do not deny,  
 I shall passe by, this your affront to mee,  
 And our admission shall excuse, when wee  
 To th' Parliament our next addresse shall make;  
 With *Hotham* this milde Rhetorick will not take:  
 Wherefore the King him stubborn Traitor calls,  
 And vows hee'l hang him up upon those walls,  
 That his example may a terrour bee,  
 To all such haughty traiterous rogues, as he.

Like to a stream whose shoure augmented force,  
 Scornes obstacles that may retard his course,  
 And with his swelling waters potent Tyde,  
 O're banks and all retards doth bravely glide,  
 Rowls down huge stones, eradicates each tree  
 That to his feirer current lets may bee;



So angers Tyde in the Kings minde swel'd high,  
 That him *Hulls* entrance *Hotham* should deny,  
 Especially he griev'd for *Ireland's* grief,  
 By this depriv'd of his resolv'd relief.

*Hotham*, he Traitor doth proclaim, then make  
 Warlick provision *Hull* by force to take,  
 Yet first complaints unto the Parliament,  
 Of this most bold affront the King had sent,  
 Wherein he *Hothams* Treason did decry,  
 Whom with his Act, the States do justifie.

This more incens'd the King, shall *Hotham* bee  
 In his rebellion countenanc'd, and hee  
 Expos'd to such affronts? he doth professe  
 By dint of Sword these wrongs for to redresse.  
 His Proclamations through each county fly,  
 Plum'd with complaints of injur'd Majesty,  
 His loyal Subjects all to animate,  
 With him to joyne, these wrongs to vindicate.  
 The gentry to contribute these, request  
 Assistance to their wronged Kings behest,  
 That his intents both just and real are,  
 For Laws, Religion, Rights, he doth declare.

These proclamations many gallants Court  
 To *York*, now for Commissions to resort;  
 Where in short time no despicable force  
 Convened is, of Armed Foot and Horse.  
 But while the King pursues this Martial game;  
 The State, his Acts Illegal do Proclaim,

Prohibiting

Prohibiring all men in any wise,  
For to abet the Kings known enterprize.

Thus Proclamations, Proclamations thwart,  
Commands oppose Commands, Art crosseth Art,  
The King commands, the State forbid to Arme,  
Who do the King, who not the State, from harme  
Vow to secure; Traitors both parts declare,  
Who do their mandates crosse, opponents are.  
What County can pretend immunity,  
From Proclamations vain Logomachy,

The States bid Arme for them; the King says no,  
What shall the perplext dubious Vulgar do?

If Arme you must, to void neutrality,

'Tis but your duty, aid his Majesty;

Let not their vain pretences you dis-swade,

Still their pretext Rebels Religion made.

Whilst these transactions are in agitation,

The King for *Hulls* Siedge, makes strong preparation

Whither from *York* his march he now doth take

*Hotham* knows well, his life lyes at the stake,

Therefore his rusty Cannons he doth clense,

Putting the Town in posture of defence,

Brasse-Pieces mount, the stoutest Townsmen Arms

Promising reparation of all harmes

Sustain'd in *Hulls* assistance: By and by,

The Centinels the Kings approach descry,

Th' Allarum's given; *Hotham* doth then decree,

That all the water-fluces drawn shall bee,

The Country's drown'd, men, walls, and Seas com-  
To frustrate this his Majesties design: (bine,

¶ *Meldrum* a Souldier of no small repute,  
But yet a *Scot*, the Parliament depure,  
*Hotbam's* assistant; who a party takes,  
Of the most hardy Townsmen, and out-makes  
A sudden sally, where the King he bears,  
Who with some loss, to *Beverly* retreats;

But not long after this, the Parliament  
A party strong for *Hall*, from *London* sent:

*Meldrum* encourag'd by this new supply,  
Will of a second bout, the fortune try:  
His choicest men hee soon together calls,  
And issuing out, on the Kings League falls,  
Whereof some scores, in their new trenches dy,  
The rest in haste (disordeted much) do fly;  
A hot pursuit after whom *Meldrum* makes,  
At *Asulaby*, the Kings Magazin hee takes;  
Some barns, and houses, there this *Scottish* Knight fire s  
And then for *Hull*, his worship, back retires.

¶ The King perceiving all attempts in vain,  
Against the Town of *Hull*, for *Tork* again  
Retreats: But O! who can his thoughts expresse?  
How can hee now (though milde) passion suppress?  
What shall hee do? what will be the event  
Of these beginings, thus malevolent?  
Reflects, his looks no reverential awe  
Upon Spectators? Dare his Subjects draw

Their



Their Swords against their Prince: shall he dispence  
Further with their Rebellious insolence?

But whilest the King is in this self-dispute,  
A Noble person did him thus salute:

By Traitors shall your patience be abus'd,  
Your commands sleighted, your demands refus'd?

Courage take Sir, Divine and humane laws,  
Loudly proclaim the justice of your cause,  
See what a train of Lords do here attend,  
In your behalf, their dearest blood to spend.  
The Parliament us Traitors doth proclaim,  
Because to your assistance thus we came,  
And though they speak not out, their acts declare,  
They are intent upon you for to Warre.

Why raise they Armies? what is your intent,  
Us and your self to such a Parliament

Thus to expose? our Swords must us defend,  
Or farewell life and fortunes, *Strafford's* end  
Wee may expect: Traitors let's them declare,  
And make provision for defensive Warre,

A thousand lives who would not rather lose,  
Then see such Rebels you and yours depose?

To see rapacious Harpies ruinate,  
This flourish of our peace, Religion, State,

Are you so credulous these not to fear,  
When Treason 'tis, to you for to adhere?

Review the Actions of those Monarches brave,  
That as your Predecessors Reigned have,

See how the proudest of their foes did quake,  
 Even at their frowns, which did whole Kingdomes  
 Whose very names, their Subjects did adore, (shake,  
 Reputing them not men, but somewhat more.

Then such *Heraicks* courage now assume,  
 Let Traitors know they do too much presume  
 Upon your Lenity; Sir, make them fear,  
 And know the Lion in your armes can tear.

At this the *London* Juncto Parliament  
 Traitors proclaimed are; The King's intent  
 Is for the South-west parts to take his way,  
 Posting before Commissions of Array,  
 Commanding quick attendance from all those  
 In Arms, that would not bee reputed foes.

*Newcastle's* General for the North design'd,  
 Whose influence on those parts, soon combin'd  
 An Army Gallant: Thus to Civil War  
 Fully resolved, now both parties are.

But so my Muse, with *Morpheus* power possesst,  
 Take's Leave (would *England* could do so) to rest.

*Finis Libri Primi.*



# THE ENGLISH CIVIL VVARRS.

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## BOOK II.

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### The Contents.

*A short dis-swafve from this Civil Warr ,  
The King sets up his Standard : doth declare  
Of his defensive Arms, the Innocence ,  
Londons Zeal, for the Parliaments pretence ;  
Essex his Force to Coventry doth bring ,  
Worcester Fight : The Battail at Edge-hill.*

**R**ouze up brave Martial Muse, prepare for fight,  
Let *Mars* desist the *Cyprian* Courts delight ;  
*Bellona's* Trumpets calls our Troops to field ;  
*Pallas* advanceth, arm'd with Spear and Shield.  
Combates, nor Councils, Muse, thou must rehearse,  
Warr, Blood, and Death, are subjects of my Verse.  
*England, O England !* do not thou disdain,  
This flourish of thy Peace with Blood : refrain  
These



These Civil Wars, whose sad effects wee see,  
In self-divided, ruin'd *Germany*.

Did *Scotland* tremble? did the *Irish* flee?

Was *France* once Tributary unto thee?

Renowned *England*, did victorious Fame,

From *India*, unto *India*, post thy name?

From cold *Arcturus*, to th' *Antarctick* Sands;

Thy admiration, *England*, fill'd all Lands:

Whilst Providence, and valour, forreign foes

Vanquish'd: shall home-bred discord, work thy woe.

No Councell, nor yet *Rhetorick* can assuage,  
Uncivil Civil Wars, tumultuous rage.

The furious Sword, scorns to obey the Gown;

Some with the State, some with the Imperial Crowne

Take part; known Ensigns, Ensigns, do defie,

And *English* blood; *Englands* Cross red must die.

If Warr wee must? why do wee not assay,

On *Asian* ground our Colours to display?

*Mahomet's* dam'd Impostures to expell,

To their curs'd Author, down to *Plato's* cell;

Why do wee not out of the *Segnior's* hand,

Regain our Title to the *Holy-Land*?

What, might wee not, with lesser bloods expence,

Have quell'd the *Turkes* aspiring insolence;

Raz'd *Constantinople's* world-commanding Towers,

With her *Seraglio*, *Egypt* might bee ours,

And all the treasures of the spacious East,

By our victorious Armies bee possess.

As that brave *Tartar*, lets our Force ingage,  
Bajacet-like into an Iron cage;  
Earths greatest Monarch's captiv'd power to bring,  
Or let's advance against the *Spanish* King.  
His Eighty eight's *Armado's* cur'd designe,  
To vindicate our Forces let's combine,  
Heaven can but prosper such a brave attempt;  
Heaven that from *Spain's* Invasion did exempt  
This Island, for to bee *Spain's* dreadfull scourge,  
Till all those Martyrs bloods shee shall disgorge:  
Suck'd in by inquisition-Butchery;

Or let's goe set the inflav'd *Indians* free:  
Sail thither may wee, with the tide and flood  
Of vengeance-crying murdered *Indians* blood.  
Why march wee not to curbe that Prelates pride?  
Whose Scarlet vestments in the blood are died  
Of Martyr'd Christians? doubtless wee may fear,  
His influence is too too powerfull here,  
These sad incirements to this Civil Warr,  
Hatch'd surely by his *Romish* Locusts are.

That *Sweed* Heroick to his high renown,  
Vow'd to devest him of his triple-Crown:  
And from his chair-infallible, by force,  
That Beast so much admir'd for to divorce;  
And but that death, too cruel did prevent,  
Doubtless hee had accomplish'd his intent.

*England*, O *England*! Civil Wars decline,  
And prosecute that noble *Sweeds* designe:

Hise

Hoise up thy Sailes for the *Italian* shore,  
 The airy *Alpes*, resolve for to march o're.  
 Fall down like Thunder into *Italy*,  
 Th' affrighted-Scarlet Conclave let's make flye;  
 And those high Walls, wherein the Beast doth trust,  
 Let's rase and level with that bloody dust  
 Whereon they stand; in blood they founded were,  
 Ruddy with blood, their cement doth appear;  
 Rape, Superstition, Fraud, Idolatry,  
 Polythism, Murther, Theft, Theomachy,  
 Hypocrisie, Pride, Witchcraft, Fornication,  
 Adultery, *Sodom*s-lov'd-Abomination,  
 Are their cur'd Superstructures; Powers divine,  
 Except propitious, unto this designe  
 Vengeance divine, our Cannons best will bee,  
 Upon those Walls, t' inforce a Battery;  
 Needs must wee conquer in so just a Warr,  
 Where foes design'd by Heaven to ruine are:  
 ¶ Reason should with the wise bee Prevalent,  
 What, have not Civil Wars a sad event?  
 No joyfull Triumphs in such Warrs have place,  
 No brave exploits do here the Conquerours grace.  
 No spoiles are taken from the captiv'd foes,  
 But such, as even, whereby the Conquerours lose.  
 Brother, doth Brother, unto death betray,  
 Fathers, their Sons, and Sons their Fathers slay.  
 Maids are deflowr'd, and Matrons chaste misus'd,  
 Young-men for Souldiers prest; Old-men abus'd.  
Those



Those treasures that industrious Peace acquir'd,  
Exhausted are, the Villages are fir'd ;  
Cities dis-peopled , Castles ruin'd bee,  
Friends even from friends (as from the Plague) shall  
Justice, Laws, and properties, all stand (flee:  
As Ciphers, at the furious sword's command.  
Servants will of their Masters, Masters bee ;  
From Tinkers, even the Constables shall flee :  
The basest men will proudly dominere ,  
Rant, drinke, whore, plunder, strike, curse, damn, and  
Oxen, Sheep, Horses, all that you possess, (swear.  
Souldiers will take , and if you seek redress ,  
Perhaps you may bee cudgel'd by a slave,  
Or else imprison'd, and thats all you'll have,  
O what affronts ! what wrongs ! what violence !  
Must all sorts suffer, under the pretence  
Of Enemies ; when, whom Souldiers dispose ,  
They make at pleasure, either friends or foes ;  
Nay the wrong'd people cannot bee assur'd ,  
By whether party they were thus injur'd :  
Your foe, you shall not know, nor yet your friend ,  
Such sad distractions Civil warrs attend.  
The Sword scorns counsel (list ) Drums beat I hear,  
The Trumpet sound, arm'd Horse-men do appear :  
The King from *York* marcheth with all his Force ,  
To *Nottingham* they freight direct their course ;  
Where first upon this Civil Warrs account ,  
The King his Standard Royal doth amount ;

And

And standing under't in the Armies view,  
 His glittering Sword, hee from his scabbard drew,  
 Which brandished about his head, hee said,  
 ♀ Fellows in Arms, here in your Sovereigns aid  
 Conveen'd, you to inform I shall not need,  
 What to this Parliament wee did concee'd,  
 More than our Royal ancestors had done,  
 (Thinking the most averse for to have wone,  
 By acts of Grace) we granted: But behold!  
 Our Condiscentions make these men more bold,  
 Things to demand against a Kings renown,  
 And what would they have now, except my Crown?

When all such acts of Grace did vain appear,  
 Wee left them, and resolv'd for *Ireland* were;  
 Reveng'd upon those Rebels to have been,  
 Whilst these into their Errours more had seen;  
 Intending then at *Hull* to arme our Guard,  
*Hulls* entrance wee, by *Hotham* were debar'd,  
 From *Ireland*; *Ireland* now Intomb'd in grief,  
 This did obstruct our then-resolv'd relief.

And when to *Hull* our next address wee made,  
 With fire and sword, our Camp hee did invade;  
 Wishing our Person in the number, where  
 Some scores of our League subjects murdered were.

By Proclamation they prohibit all,  
 From their Allegiance to our Sovereign call;  
 And whence do these affronts so numerous spring,  
 But even from those, that mee a Glorious King

Pretend

W, Pretend to make ; The men presage my Fate,  
 Only the time they seek to antidate.

aid But this (at which he shook his glistering Sword)  
 Even this, our best redress must now afford,  
 Traiterous, here, their proceedings wee declare,  
 Denouncing Warr, 'gainst them, and all that are  
 Their Fautors and Abettors ; know, wee must  
 Souldiers, to courage, and our swords now trust,  
 Through wounds, blood, death our passage now doth  
 To our detained Rights : resolve to dye (Iye  
 VWith me, my Lords, and Souldiers ere we yeild,

n? *Essex* that traiterous Cockoo's in the field:  
 A numerous Army 'gainst us he doth bring,  
 Are these League Subjects that will fight their King?

My Lords (as you your lives or fortunes love)  
 Your utmost interest, Force to raise, improve,  
 For fight we must, and if the day we loose,  
 Of us and ours, the Conquerours will dispose:  
 Your Regiments with speed, my Lords compleat,  
 I even presage, wee *Essex* shall defeat.

And you, my Nephews, whose Heroick might,  
 Hath been approv'd in many a bloody fight  
 Beyond the Seas (with that hee cast his eye  
 On *Rupert* and Prince *Morice* standing by;  
 In *England* late arriv'd) Princes wee must,  
 To your Heroick skill and prowess trust  
 The conduct of our Horse. *Rupert* repli'd,  
 Uncle, what's in our power, you may confide;

VVee



VVee shall effect; fear nor but wee shall bring,  
The proudest Rebels, you to own as King.

At this the flourish'd Trumpets that surround  
The King this while; commanded are to sound,  
VVhose sweetest Levits from the Rocks so near,  
VVith airy Eccho's ravish every ear.

Then off the Troops to march commanded are;  
To *Shrewsbury* the intended seat of VVarr:

*Rupert* and *Morice* late arrived here,  
Now in the Fronts of armed Troops appear.

*Rupert* the elder, of complexion fair,  
Yet somewhat swarthy, of brown-coloured-hair,  
Of body slender, yet indifferent tall,  
Of minde couragious, wondrous fair withall:  
Scorning, both fears and dangers, on he went;  
Yet inconsiderate, in the management  
Of his bold charge: which prov'd indeed to us  
In many fields disadvantageous;  
His forwardness excus'd, *Europe* ne're bred,  
One who more nobly Chavalry on led.

*Morice* more corpulent, yea, and more tall,  
Yet not so bloody, and so tragicall:  
Full as couragious, not so unadvise'd,  
More fortunate in what hee enterpris'd:  
VVhose prowess, and whose skill in feats of VVarr,  
VVere such as might renown a Souldier.

Out breaks the War, with uncontrouled Rage,  
Great Lords, and Gentry, on both parts ingage;

Yet

Yet more of these the Royal cause maintain,  
As not deluded with pretences vain.

But of Plebeians less intelligent,  
More do adhere unto the Parliament;  
Their Intellectuals hood-wink'd and captiv'd,  
By those pretences, specious then contriv'd.

What City, Town, House, Castle now was free,  
But fortifi'd, and Garrison'd must bee?

What Fields with Grain, Mountains with Flocks, that  
Flourish'd of late; now terrible appear

(were  
With armed Camps: what deadly Engines wrought?  
Sure not more Fields, than bloody battails fought  
Hath *England* now: try all the Sword would make,  
If that of blood, it could a surfeit take.

*London!* what Martial fury thee possessest,

That thus with madness not to bee express'd,

Against thy King, so boldly dost ingage,

What Hellish fury did their hearts intrage?

To strive who should most forward bee in arms,

How did they flock? adjoyn themselves by swarms

To *Essex* Colours; what did they intend?

What, was Rebellion? or was Zeal their end?

What, were they weary of that Regiment?

The loss of which (if lost) they'll much repent;

What do they think the name of a free State?

More advantageous, or more fortunate,

Or will Commerce, or Trading flourish more,

Monarchy routed out, then't did before?

D

*London,*

*London*, O let not such conceits thee blinde!  
 All to thy expectation thou shalt finde  
 Quite contrary: But what is it indeed,  
 From Superstitious Fates for to bee freed  
 That thou dost thus ingage: Rebellion had  
 Alwaies religion's Cloak; wherewith thee clad  
 Her monstrous body: All the world shall see,  
 Religion but a meer pretence to bee  
 In these sad VVars: *London* will bee as proud,  
 Her Sins will in the Ears of Heaven as loud  
 Sound: If shee had desired Presbytery,  
 As now under much-hated Prelacy;  
 That much pretended, with'd for reformation,  
 Shall have a most apparent confutation,  
 From those cur'd crimes, *London* will exercise,  
 And grant her even what Form shee can devise  
 For Government, either in Church or State,  
 But whether doth my Muse thus deviate?  
*Rupert* the leading having now acquir'd,  
 Of such a Party as his heart disir'd;  
 Courageous Gallants, who did scorn to fly  
 The face of even the proudest enemy,  
 Thought that his smaller parties fortitude  
 Might ballance *Essex*'s numerous multitude:  
 O! that their temperance had but equalis'd  
 Their valour: would *Rupert* had exercis'd  
 A stricter Discipline, and not by force  
 Suffered his stout (though too licentious) Horse  
 Coine,



Coine, Arms, and Horses to extort from those,  
 That doubtless (but for this) nere the Kings foes  
 Had prov'd: Indeed plundering, intemperance,  
*Bacchus* his bowles; *Venus* her dalliance  
 Were of the Royal party the sole bane,  
 How many men surpris'd! how many slain!  
 Oft in their cupps; want! want! of discipline;  
 Our Cause (though just) made many to decline,  
 Yet our Commanders, this to tolerate;  
 The want of pay, did thus necessitate.  
 Nor long to us, did any such adhere,  
 Who in their service mercenary were.

By this time *Essex* numerous Forces were  
 Drawn out of *London*, to *North-Hampton*, where  
 They wait their General's coming: and indeed,  
 In number three to one, they did exceed  
 The Kings: So zealously was *London* bent  
 Against the King, to aid the Parliament.

*Essex* arrived, with his Army now,  
*Coventry*, *Warwick*, and *North-Hampton* too  
 Did fortifie: *Glocester* then did stand  
 For th' Parliament, under *Massies* command.

To *Worcester* *Rupert* his Troops doth bring,  
 Thinking that City, strongly for the King  
 To fortifie; But *Essex* Horse so near,  
 Prevents his stay and resolutions there,  
 Nevertheless, both parties now so near,  
 Born to retreat, as men surpris'd with fear,

Before their Gallantry they have express'd,  
 By skirmishing most fiercely they contest,  
 They ride up close, and boldly do give fire,  
 In one anothers bosoms, then retire.

Others advancing, do their rooms supply,  
 Their discharg'd Pistols, at the heads do fly  
 Then of each other, and incontinent  
 Then hand to hand, unto the Sword they went,  
 Some giving, some receiving many a wound,  
 Till many a man lay gasping on the ground.

But *Rupert* causeth a retreat to sound,  
 Lest that the numerous foes should him surround,  
 And from this skirmish, up his Troops doth bring  
 To *Shrewsbury*, for to attend the King,  
*Saunders* now his Prisoner, whose whole Regiment,  
 To Rout and Ruine, in this Skirmish went.

That famous River that *Sabrina's* name,  
 From her drown'd in it, doth as yet retain,  
 Almost surrounds the Town of *Shrewsbury*,  
 His Magazin, Mint, Coin, Artillary,  
 His Person too, here did the King confide,  
 A Town by Art, and Nature fortifi'd:

~~Q~~ During the King's (though short) residing here  
 His smaller Forces much augmented were,  
 So that hee takes the field, fully intent  
 For *London*, but this *Essex* doth prevent,  
 Who with his Force, at *Worcester* did lye,  
 And hearing that the King was marching by

*Drum*

Draws out his Army, and to *Coventry*  
 After the King, directly marcheth hee  
 Resolv'd to fight: Such preparations are,  
 Made *England* to ingage in Civil War;  
 Whose desperate prologue, Muse thou must prepare,  
 Indoleful accents, now for to declare.

Now *Phæbus* did from th' *Equinoctial Line*,  
 His course to the *Antartick Pole* decline,  
 Nor could the cooler air yet qualifie,  
 Mens hotter Zeal, and desperate fervency  
 To Civil Wars; this Fire alone must bee  
 Quenched with blood, dolorous Phlebotomie.  
 In *Warwick-Shire* there lies a spacious Plain,  
 (Pitty that Civil blood should it distain)

Nere *Keinton*, call'd the vale of the *Red Horse*,  
 Where General *Effex*, with his numerous force  
 Was now arriv'd; The Royallists hard by  
 Upon *Edge-Hill*, their near approach discry,  
 And there their Troops most gallantly display,  
 Putting their Battaile, quickly in Array.

*Linsay* was Captain General for the King;  
 But *Ruthen* ordered their embattailing,  
 The Valliant *Linsay* with his Pike in hand,  
 Led the main Body: *Rupert* did command  
 Those Gallant Troops, placed in the right wing,  
 Bravely the left *Carnarvan* on did bring.

*Effex* this while embattailed did stand,  
 His right Battallions *Balfore* did command.



*Ramsay* his left : *Harry* this Day did serve  
 In the right wing, and was *Balfors*'s reserve :  
*Essex* a while his Infantry did head,  
 Till *Meldrum* came, who on the same did lead :

*Essex* now mounted, in his Armies fight,  
 Thus to the Battail did his men excite ;  
 Take Courage, Souldiers, from your juster cause,  
 It's for Religion, Liberty, and Laws  
 You fight: who would not spend their dearest blood  
 Now for Religion's sake ; and *England's* good?  
 What, do not Pressures, Poles, curs'd subsidies ?  
 Ship-monies; Taxes, damn'd *Monopolies* ?  
 Now Fleece us Subjects, for no Sovereign use,  
 Impudent by permission, grows abuse.  
 VVhat is not superstitious innovation  
 Of *Romish* Rites, Cross-Altar-Adoration  
 Obtruded on us? have wee not permission  
 Of the Mass-Idol : See ! the exhibition  
 Of Sports, even to the Sabbath's Prophanation,  
 Are authoris'd by Order, Proclamation.  
 Cards, Dice, Bowls, Tennis, Stage-plaies, Sabbath-  
 Are made, both in the Country and the Court. (sport  
 Dare mortal men, Gods morral Laws withstand?  
 VVhat God forbids, dare earthly men command ?  
 O Sinfull daies ! O impious, hellish times !  
 VVhen even by Order, warraured are Crimes,  
 Bad Presidents, without indulging Laws,  
 Finde too too frequent, practise and applause :

Ambitious

Ambitious Prelates, now do arrogate,  
 In honours temporal, to Officiate,  
 Their Romish Doctrines, ceremonious guise,  
 All pious hearts resent and much despise.

*Nuncio's* from *Rome* to *England* now resort,  
 And much were honoured in our English Court?  
 Whither when *Jezabel's* proud Sons were come,  
 They much admir'd in *England* to finde *Rome*.

It's not against the King that wee declare,  
 But those that Authors, and Abettors are,  
 Of these strange things: who will not rather dye?  
 Then be insnar'd againe in Popery?  
 Even in your looks I easily perceive  
 Your forwardnesse, I know you'l not deceive  
 My expectations: for (meethinks) I see  
 You in pursute, and yonder Troops to flee;  
 Meethinks I see what numbers we have slain,  
 How many prisoners, Horse, Armes, Colours tane;  
 How every Souldier is enrich'd with prize,  
 What rare inventions *London* doth devise  
 To grace our Tryumphs: how their Bone-fires burn,  
 And Bels ring loud to honour our return.

His wicked counsell all dispers'd and fled,  
 In Tryumph shall the King himself be led  
 By us unto his *London* Parliament,  
 Who will reward with condigne punishment  
 Most of his wicked party: valorous bee,  
 Take resolution, magnanimity,

Brave Souldiers, and indeed you may confide,  
All these presages shall be verifi'd.

☞ At this, a prologue, to the near dispute,  
*Essex* the King, daringly did salute,  
With a loud Volley of his Ordinance,  
Whose fiery balls near to the King did glance,  
As he from his prospective did survey  
Their Army, in that Valley where they lay,  
And then three acclamations, even so high  
Their Army gave; as seem'd to rend the sky.

☞ At which brave *Linsey* soon the King desir'd  
Leave to go on: Saying *Essex* hath fir'd  
His Cannons on us, and shall we stand still  
And suffer his great shot our men to kill?  
Shall we be dared thus by such proud foes,  
And thus our bodies to their Guns expose?  
☞ To whom, the best of Kings, sadly reply'd,  
Loath, loath I am my Sword should e're be dy'd  
In civil blood; my soul doth much decline  
These worst of wars; are not these people mine?

(If undeceiv'd) we suddenly should see  
Their Arms cast downe, they all would come to me.

☞ But now (more pity) fight indeed we must,  
Therefore (brave Souldiers) that your cause is just,  
I know you are perswaded, Loyalty  
Under your Sovereign's Ensignes here to dye,  
Or conquer, doth, and did you first ingage,

How factious Zeal some Sectaries doth intrage  
Against



Against their King, you are not ignorant ;  
 I hope they'l see their errours and recant.  
 Others that are not such, we soon shall see  
 Prove loyal, *Essex* leave, and turne to mee.  
 Wound not, who e're of them before you flies  
 Such are not yours, nor yet my enemies.

And now your magnanimity approve,  
 If you your Country, or your Sovereigne love.  
 See, how your King (if conquered, see no more)  
 Your courage, utmost valour doth implore.

They are more numerous; let our fortitude  
 Their numbers ballance; when they are subdu'd,  
 'Twill be our glory that with numbers lesse,  
 Wee did their greater conquer; on, possesse  
 Their Riches, Campe, Artillery, as prize,  
 Yonder rich Army I to you demize,  
 Win Gold and wear't : my cause's just intent,  
 God now assist as I am innocent.

The murdering Cannons now began to play,  
 Whose so well levell'd bullets made their way  
 Through many a rank; heads, armes, and legs, off fly  
 Which hit, and oft strike dead the standers by.

The Chain-shot, by the middle cuts asunder  
 Whole Files of men; who, now in death do won-  
 How this so wide a passage open stood, (der  
 At once to let our all their vital blood.

How head and feet, leggs, and arms, in one place,  
 By this strange death conjoyn'd should now imbrace

From

From Morterpeeces great Granado's fly,  
 VVhich in their fall kill some; but to the skye  
 Do in their breath blow up who stand them near;  
 From others their dismembred Limbs they rear:  
 Others their furious blasts do blow stone-blinde,  
 O haplesse men to such sad faces design'd.

As a tempestuous, Heaven-obscuring shower,  
 VVith violence doth Raine, or Hail down power,  
 VVith Lightnings, frequent flashes intermix'd,  
 And loud sky-renting Thunder claps betwixt.

Even so from fire-lock-Pistolls and Carbines,  
 The fire like lightning from the sky now shines;  
 And fiery Bullets with their thicker flight  
 Obscure the day and anticlate the night.

Sulphurious clouds of smoak toss'd with the winde  
 With fiery flashes glancing through them, blinde  
 Both Horse and man, so that they cannot see,  
 Therefore lesse fear their quick Carastrophy.

The King's Forlorne, *Dives* his Regiment,  
 First down the hill courageously on went.  
 Where Major *Backstake* with his party clears  
 The Hedges lin'd with *Essex* Musketeers.

The Royalists then cheerefully descend  
 The hill: as bravely *Essex* doth defend  
 The ground whereon his Army Marshal'd stood,  
 Till that red Valley, redder became with blood.

But like a Lyon greedy of his prey,  
 At length their left wing, *Rupert* doth assay,

more

VVhose


VVhose charge most furious and Heroick might  
 Them break, and put to a disorder'd flight,  
*Rupert* through *Keinton* in pursute doth ride,  
 Then fell to plunder; *Hurry* soon espy'd  
 This fair advantage; and with eagernesse,  
 Did now on *Wilmot* and *Carnarvan* presse,  
 Forcing them to give ground: Then wheel'd about  
 And fiercely charged on the Royal foot,  
 VVhere soon the furious Horse afunder rents,  
*Linsey's*, *Bowles*, *Paget's*, *Fieldings* Regiments.

Brave *Linsey* seeing his in such distresse,  
 Rallies a party soon for their redresse;  
 And like a *Tygar* of her whelps depriv'd,  
 In thickest Troopes of Armed foes arriv'd,  
 Most valliantly thousands doth kill or wound,  
 Yet him the numerous foes at length surround,  
 ☞ But when his Son, renowned *Willowby*,  
 His Father thus encompassed did see  
 He rides up with his Troopes: gave such a charge,  
 As soon, his noble Father did enlarge  
 But wounded, soon (too soon, alas) he dy'd,  
 A fatal losse unto the Royal side.

☞ The Royal Standard *Balfores* Troopes had tane  
*Varney* the Standard-bearer being slain,  
 A valiant Gentleman who this espy'd,  
 Gallantly through their thickest Ranks did ride,  
 And there (the new Possessor having slain)  
 The Standard Royal bravely did re-gaine.



For which brave exploit, Knight and Barroner  
 The King bedub'd him: *Balfore* hard beset  
 With our fresh Troops, most bravely was assail'd,  
 And made give ground: The Royalists prevail'd  
 Sometimes, and sometimes *Essex*: Dubious  
 Was Fortune whom to make victorious,

 By this, that spacious Valley was bespread,  
 With heaps of Men, and Horses that lay dead;  
 From several wounds, the several streams of blood,  
 Increased to an overspreading Flood,  
 Whose stronger currents to the lower ground,  
 Drove down some bodys, now both kild, & drown'd,  
 Thus many deaths, poor mortals do attend,  
 VVhen one's sufficient to inforce their end.

Here might you hear the sad laments and moans,  
 In doleful accents, of their dying groans,  
 Some execrating their Nativity,  
 Others that Fatal day: Reveng'd to bee  
 Some vow'd; and with their Swords about them laid,  
 Now even in Death: Some boldly did upbraid  
 The Parliaments Pretences feign'd, some swore,  
 And off their heads, their hair they fiercely tore;  
 Some Pray'd, and were exceeding Penitent,  
 Such several humours, dying men present.

VVho late against each other boldly fought,  
 Their Reconciliation Death had wrought,  
 VVhose blood dispended, falling in one place,  
 Kindly now, arm in arm, by Death imbrace.

Here

Here might you see a buller-galled steed ;  
 Now of his wounded, or dead rider free'd ,  
 Fiercely run through the field, and oft out-tread  
 The bowels of the living, and the dead .

Here might you see two armed Gallants met ,  
 Their courage sharper than their swords was wher  
 By vow'd revenge, much hotter was their ire ;  
 Than from their clashing swords that sparkling fire,  
 Whose courage, strength, dexterity, and art ,  
 By inter-courses each did play their part  
 Till blood and strength expended ; these two foes  
 Upon that bed of honour both repose ;  
 Whose streaming blood could not be intermix'd  
 Such strong antipathy was them betwixt.

☛ A Cockney, whom blinde zeal-did much in-  
*Essex* to serve, a Volunteer late came ; (flame,  
 Who to his fellows vaunted, they should see ;  
 The wicked (none pursuing) for to flee.

*Tonkins* said true, the Cannons 'gan to play ,  
 Down went his Arms, and streight he ran away.

A flying peece of a Granado-shell,  
 Stroke *Simpson* into th' back, who dead down fell ,  
 Speaking these words, then with his latest winde  
 'Tis base and cowardly for to strike behinde.

☛ A welsh-man, who came as a Volunteer ,  
 Hur King to serve, proudly did dominere  
 Before the fight, vowing that hur would slay ,  
 All Rebell-Round-heads that came in hur way ?

*Essex*

*Essex* himself should not escape hur hand  
 If that he durst, till hur came to him stand ?  
*Essex* might long have stood; *Taffy* was gone  
 Before the fight, and so kill'd ne're a one,  
 For when he heard the Cannons 'gin to play,  
 Down went his Bill; and streight he ran away  
 Swearing by god, in English he could swear,  
 He ne're before such roaring Devils did hear.

☛ Another Welsh-man, arm'd *a cap a pee*,  
 Upon a Charger fierce, mounted was hee;  
 His two-edg'd-sword, drawn in his hand did shine,  
 His Pistols charg'd, and also his Carbine.  
 To have him heard, and seen, you would have swore  
 Stout master *Morgan* would have chaf'd a score.  
 But when't came to his turne for to have fought,  
 T'have fac'd about, and fled, *Morgan* had thought.

But his fierce Horse, that did in War delight,  
 Went on indeed in *Morgan's* hearts despight;  
*Morgan* with all his might pull'd at the Reign  
 To stop his Horse, alas! 'twas all in vain.  
 With pulling, and for fear, dead men to see,  
 Backwards, even to his horse taile, bowed hee.  
 On went the horse: The Royalists surpast,  
 Amongst the adverse party runs at last.

☛ A Cockney that him in this posture spy'd,  
 Come fiercely on; hold good fir, quarrel cry'd;  
 The Cockney seeing that he made no stay,  
 Turn'd's horse about, and fairly rab away.

*Morgan*



*Morgan* more valorous than hee wil'd or wil'd,  
Was throwne at last, and under's horse feet kil'd;  
The *Cockney* that fled, when hee *Morgan* spi'd,  
Into a Saw-pit, broke his neck, and died.

But now the obscure mantle of the night,  
Each Army vail'd, from one anothers sight,  
Only the Musketers, so thick gave fire,  
As yet gave light, to both for to retire;  
Neither could either *Lo, Rats, sing*  
Though victory more inclined to the King.

Yet both parties claimed the triumphal Baies,  
And noble *Palme*; both parties returned praise  
For Victory, to their Heavenly Deities,  
Both parties had taken Ensigns, Prisoners, Prize;  
Both parties of Victory, Trophies did display,  
And on the field that night, both parties lay:  
By those great fires, which were the only light,  
Left them in this obscurity of night.

That night in a black cloud, the Sun had set,  
As looking on *Edge-Hill*, with much regret  
Ravenous beasts, Rapacious birds of prey,  
All hovered neer this fatal field that Day,  
Each man the night before, in his last sleep  
Seem'd to lament, howle out, and sadly weep,  
And by Anticipation to prevent  
In fancy, this curs'd daies doleful event.

*Titan* (though late) now *Thetis* lap forsook,  
And either Army, might with horreur look

Upon

Upon each other; all the Vale bespread  
Betwixt them, with their intermixed Dead.  
Nor would the Sun, bee-clouded that Day, yeeld  
His Rayes should shine upon this bloody field.

In Warlike posture here both Armies stand  
Until high noon, then *Essex* gave command  
For to march off: His *Brigade's* to compleat,  
From hence for *London*, straight hee doth retreat.  
☞ But when the best of Kings survey'd the slain,  
Hee sigh'd and wept, and wept and sigh'd again,  
Saying, alas! alas! deceived were  
Some thousands of these Dead, that now I ye here  
Slain in Rebellion; wee lament their fate,  
And their Sepulture, here wee imperate,  
As well as these, that Love and Loyalty,  
Have for our Cause ingaged here to Dye;  
Our gracious Pardon too, wee here Proclaim  
To all, that shall or will imbrace the same;  
Before that *Cynthia* with her borrowed light,  
Shall three times fill her Globe; at this he sigh'd  
And wept again; but off the Army went  
For Loyal, Royal *Oxford* now intent.

*Finis Libri Secundi.*



# THE English CIVIL WARRS.

## BOOK III.

### The Contents.

Blake hang'd: *diverse vicissitudes of Warr.*  
 Brainford fight: *Rupert storms Cirincester:*  
*Lord Brooks his acts, his fatal wound, and death.*  
*The fights in Riple-fields: On Haopton-heath,*  
*Litchfield storm'd twice: & Reading tane had been*  
*Chalgrave, Landsdown; and Roundway fights: The Queen*  
*At Burlington doth land: The King and shee*  
*Meet on Edge-Hill: Gloucester seige: Newberry*  
*First fight: Eccleshal seige: Arundel tane;*  
*Bramdean-heath fight; where noble Smith was slain.*  
*Prince Griffiths gallantry, and quick defeat,*  
*Rupert from Newark seige, doth Meldrum bear.*

IN order good the Royalists retire,  
 And now at leisure, farther do inquire  
 Into their taken papers, which discry  
 One Blake a Traitor, whom the King to dy  
 Adjudged in a halter, would each tree;  
 To end the Wars, bore but such fruit as hee:

E

This



This *Blake* the Royal Court belong'd unto,  
Worse is a secret, than an open foe.

To *Banbury* the Royal Army came,  
Resolv'd by storm for to inforce the same.  
*Rockfords*, and *Peterboroughs* Regiments,  
All Blew-Coats did lye there; *Marrew* prevents  
The Kings assault, by yielding of the Town  
Upon Conditions. *Rupert* now sat down  
*Broughton* before, a House of the Lord Say,  
At the first Peal, his Ordinance did play;  
The House is yeilded, the King's next address,  
By dint of Sword, was *Braunford* to possess.

Nor could the Foes, the Kings approach discern,  
By reason of the mist-condenced sky,  
Till them the Cannons thundering language gave  
A fierce allar'm; a while resistance brave,  
Was made by Traiterous *Hollis* Regiment.

Courageously the Royalists on went;  
Inforce the Town, whose Streets are pav'd again,  
With numerous bodies of the men there slain,  
The Channels run, as after a great flood  
In stronger currents, with their warmer blood.  
But while the King plaies at this prosperous  
*Lord Brook's*, & *Hamden's* regiments on came (game  
Maintaining 'gainst the King, a bloody fight,  
From Noon, till the Obscurity of night  
Parted the fray; Also the Parliament  
Had numerous Forces out of *London* sent,

So That the King almost surrounded was;  
 Kingston alone gave way for his repass:  
 Then having given the Rebels this defeat,  
 Safely for Oxford did the King retreat.  
 Though greater Hoasts in Winter Quarters rest,  
 Yet smaller parries, sharply thus contest,  
 Nor, had the Royalists alone success,  
 Massie did Sudeley-Castle much distress;  
 Wooll-packs on rowling frames, his men had set,  
 Under whose covert, to the Walls they get  
 Free from the Castle-shot, the Barns they fire  
 With Hand-Granado's, in the smoak aspire  
 And mount the walls; but Bridges thus distress'd  
 A Parley sounds, and yeilds what hee possess'd.  
 Prince Rupert taking this in great despight,  
 Resolved was, the Rebels to require;  
 Therefore that day, his Force hee did combine  
 Sudeley before, yet was his chief design  
 On Cirencester; whether when hee came  
 With fire and sword, hee did assault the same.  
 Of Hand-Granado's, a thick flight was sent  
 Into the Town, for the first complement,  
 Which their Out-houses, and their Barns all fir'd;  
 With resolution, yet to bee admir'd,  
 Over the Bul-works, then the Foot soon flew  
 In full Divisions, then the Horse insue;  
 Stamfords whole Regiment, were well nigh slain;  
 And twice five hundred Prisoners also tane.

A timorous Footman, when the Prince drew near,  
 In a Straw-mough had hid himself for fear,  
 Burn'd was the Straw, in it the Foot-man too,  
 Him his presumed safety did undo,  
 Apparent danger's often more secure,  
 Then in strong walls, our selves for to immure.

Next day from hence, the Prince victorious went  
 To *Glocester*, and in his Summons sent:  
 But *Massie* boldly his Demands deni'd,  
 Now did the Prince before the Town reside,  
 But marched off; and in great triumph came  
 To *Oxford*, with his Prize so lately rane.  
 Some *Irish* also, for the King do land,  
 Over which *Early* did in cheife command,  
*Massie* to *Berkley*, with his Troops new came,  
 And for a while stood facing of the same,  
 Till *Herbert* with his Horse came up, they fire,  
 Kill some on both parts, and then both retire.

Near *Tedbury*, *Massie* also dissipates  
 All *Cary's* Horse: *Beverston* on thy gates,  
*Massie's* bold Foot, do fasten their Pittard,  
 But their audaciousness, thou didst reward,  
 Bearing them off with loss: To *Wotton* then  
*Massie* (still active) next led up his men,  
 Skirmishing there a while, with those within.

Now landed *Leger*, and bold Collonel *Min*  
 At *Brissal* with more *Irish*: These design  
 With *Herbert*, *Digby*, *Winter* to combine



And Block up *Glocester*, *Massie* suppress;  
 Skirmishes oft indifferent, for success  
 Hapned amongst them; scarce a Town was free  
 Of any strength, but garrison'd must bee,  
 In that impoverish'd County: Wretched are  
 The Seats of most uncivil Civil War.

¶ *Worcesters* Earl with his most noble Son,  
 To *Glocester* with their *Welch* Forces come,  
 Encamp at *Higham*, and demand the Town.

Near *Monmouth*, as this Army late came down,  
*Barrows* they beat, with his new Regiments,  
 ¶ *Massie* from their Demands in scorn Dissents,  
 Telling them plain, hee *Rupert* had deni'd,  
 And soon would curbe, their Insolence and Pride.  
 Could a *Welch* Army think that to regain?  
 Which *Rupert* did Demand, but all in vain;  
 Glory not that you *Winter* did defeat,  
 Slew *Lunley*, and did *Barrows* Forces beat  
 Late in the Forrest; shortly you shall feel,  
 And know, our sword's of better-tempered steel.  
 ¶ Now while these Forces here incamped lye  
 Against the Town, from *Bristol* a supply  
 Came unto *Massie*: *Malmsbury* now wone,  
 Even *Waller* too, did with his Army come  
 To joyn with *Massie*; The *Welch* they assail  
 Even in their Camp, and do so far prevail,  
 That in the place, some hundreds there they kill,  
 The rest take *Glocester* against their will.

To *Hereford* from hence then *Waller* goes,  
*Scudamore*, and his Royallists oppose  
 And keep the Town; *Waller* against the gates  
 His Guns doth play, the first shot perforates  
 The boards (though strong) and did the Gate behind  
 Strike off a Captains head; some were design'd  
 Upon another side, assault to make,  
 Which boldly Captain *Grey* did undertake.

The Town distress'd, un-mand, not fortifi'd,  
 Yeilded, most of the Souldiers undiscr'i'd,  
 Over *Wy-bridge*, away for *Wales* do pass,  
 Whilst *Waller* busied in the Parley was;  
 Nor yet did *Waller* keep the Town thus gain'd,  
 Though after for the King it was retain'd.

At *Monmouth* before, when *Waller* first appears,  
 It is deserted by the Cavalliers,  
*Waller* it leaves, and toward *England* came,  
 Yet for the King, *Lane* after kept the same,  
 Till *Stevens* by Trechery did the same surprize,  
 That *Lane* betraid it, some indeed surmize.

*Waller* from *Wales*, for *Glocester* intent,  
 To intercept and fight him *Morice* went,  
 Who, ere the Princes Horse could him Descry,  
 Beat up their Quarters, and so marched by.  
*Morice* alarm'd, thus falls in his rear,  
 And for a while ingag'd both parties were,  
 And then do both retire: *Maffie* had heard,  
 How *Waller's* passage, *Morice* had debar'd:

And

And marching out to meet him, did him finde  
 Near *Tewsbury*, and their Forces now combin'd,  
 They do resolve upon that Town to fall,  
 And on they go, the Guard surprized all  
 Sleeping, (indeed over secure they were,  
 Dreading no danger, *Morice* now so near)  
 The Town they enter, break up doors, inquire  
 For Cavaliers; Muskets and Pistols fire  
 In at the windows; *Carew's* men some dye,  
 Some Prisoners rane, some hide them, others flye.

Next day some of the Prince's Horse appear  
 In *Ripple-fields*, the rest embattel'd were  
 Near *Upton-bridge*: *Waller* came, doth them view,  
 But fighting did decline, and off-ward drew  
 With his Dragoons, thinking to guard his Rear;

The Prince advancing chargeth: all in fear  
 Through their own foot upon the Bridge, they fly,  
 Whose heels could not them save, there Pistol'd lye

*Hastleridge* comes up with a fresh recrute,  
 And for a while retards this hot pursute;

But *Morice* presseth on with his bold Horse,  
 And soon to flight, them all doth re-inforce,  
 Many of *Walters*, in this flight do dye;

But at *Mitch-hill* again a fresh supply  
 Of Foot them meet; The Prince there makes a  
 And then an orderly retreat command. (stand,  
 From *London* with his forces came Lord *Brook*  
 And *Stafford-Avon* first his Lordship took',



Defeating *Crooker*; *Wagstaff*, and stout *Twist*.

Nor could brave *Leishfield* then his powers resist,  
The Town first wonne, his zealous Ordinance  
Play 'gainst the Close. But mark what fatal chance  
Befel this Zealor; whilst he did espy

Out at a loop-hole, even into the eye  
A bullet peirc'd him, and down dead fell hee?

Thus from a Church, the Church's enemy,  
By the Son of a Church-man here lay slain,

His men went on, and did the fight maintain  
Winning the Close, a noble sacrifice  
Of Cavalliers unto his Ghost here dyes.

↳ But stout *North-Hampton*, *Leishfield* to regain  
Against the Close, doth a close sledge maintain,  
Until his Scouts came in and do him tell,  
Of the approach of *Brearton* and old *Gell*.

At this, with his Horse and Dragoons he goes,  
Boldly to meet his near approaching foes.

Where soon his unexpected charge and sight,  
Puts a'l *Gell's* Horse to a disordered flight.

And then the foot threw down their Arms and yeeld  
Num'rous the Prisoners were, tane on the field.

Yet dear (too dear, alas) this victory cost,  
For brave *North-Hampton's* life, for it was lost,  
Who charging in the front, his Horse first shot,  
Dismounted there his mortal wound he got.

But gallant 'tis on honours bed to lye,  
And thus victorious Loyally to dye.

Prince

Prince *Rupert* too, at *Laichfield* now arriv'd,  
 His mines the Close for to re-gain contriv'd,  
 Which sprung, the valourous Souldiers on do go,  
 But were repulsed stoutly by the foe.

After an hours respite, (though in vain)  
 With greater courage on they went again.  
 For with great slaughter they repulsed were,  
 Ruddy with blood the Moats do all appear.  
 And of dead Corpse in every place do lye  
 Great heaps, the Breaches and the Ladders by.

Yet to the Souldiers no discouragement  
 Was this, for on the third time now they went,  
 And bravely enrer, *Russells* then retreats  
 Unto the Church, and there a parley beats.  
*Rupert* that they in warlike equipage  
 Should all march off, his honour doth ingage.

☛ This while had General *Essex* Force sate down  
*Reading* before, playing upon the Towne  
 With his great Ordinance; then did assay  
 To scale the works; and by main-force, his way  
 To make into the Town; but off was bear,  
 And in despite was forced to retreat.

After some daies, again they do assail  
 The Town; and did some of the out-works gain  
 Though with much losse: The King sent a supply,  
 Of Ammunition, Men, Artillery,  
 Which safe arrived there. in *Essex* fight,

But this his Lordship did so much dispiight,

That

That he commands the Souldiers to prepare  
 Now for a third assault, his Ladders are  
 Provided; walls, and works, his Cannons beate  
 All down before them, his Granadoes great  
 Blow up whole houses; and in furious guise  
 His souldiers do attempt the Enterprize.

*Aston* made brave resistance for that while  
 He could do service; for a ponderous Tyle,  
 Which from a house a Cannon bullet rent  
 So brus'd his head, that now incompetent  
 Of all command he was; *Fielding's* resolve  
 Now upon whom the power did all devolve,  
 Was for to yeild, a parley sounded is.

On gallant terms; indeed both he and his  
 March out: The Royalists the Act decry,  
 And by a Martial Councel judg'd to dye  
 Was *Fielding* for't at Oxford: but the King,  
 Pardon'd the person, and forgave the thing.

☞ *Rupert* and *Gunter* did at *Chalgrave* meet,  
 And with their discharg'd Pistols boldly greet  
 Each other, but *Rupert* shot *Gunter* dead,

And whilst the Traiterous *Hamden* there did head  
 His party, he receiv'd a mortal wound  
 Even on that field, upon that very ground;  
 Where first against the King hee did declare,  
 Even so remarkable God's Judgements are.  
 Numerous the Prisoners were, that *Rupert* took;

☞ But let's a while now into *Cornwall* look.



On *Lands-Down* hills, most advantageous ground  
*Waller* encamps; Hills, Woods, and Walls, surround  
 His Camp almost; what part did open lye  
 With Rampiers, and strong works they fortifie,  
 Lining the hedges thick with musketeers,

*Slaining* advanceth with his *Cavalliers*,  
 Whose horse at the first charge disordered were,  
 The *Cornish* foot charge up; the hedges clear;  
 The Horse now ralli'd, bravely wheel about  
 Charge home in deddy put *Waller's* Horse to rout  
 With a great slaughter; the first hill regain'd,  
 Brave *Greenvile* with a stand of Pikes maintain'd  
 Against their Horse, and shot both great and small  
 But there, alas, that valorous Knight did fall,  
 With hundreds more; four brave assaults they  
 On *Waller's* Campe; the fifth, they do it take. (make

To the next hill, *Waller* his men retires,  
 At mid-night many Marches there he fires,  
 Hanging the hedges with them; and so flies;  
 The Royalists still firing: A brave prize.

The morning light, to *Slaining's* men discry'd,  
 Sharpe was the fight, numerous the men that dy'd  
 On both sides; for from noon even till mid-night,  
 Continued was this bloody desperate fight.

Through unfrequented by-waies *Waller* flies,  
 Yet him Prince *Morice* met near the *Device*  
 At *Roundway-Down*; but with two thousand men,  
 And though indeed *Waller* was nine of ten,

*Morice*

*Morice* him greeted with so brave a charge,  
 That from close Order, soon his men enlarge  
 To shameful flight; the Royalists pursue,  
 Numbers of Prisoners took; numbers they slew  
 Six thousand Arms, ten Cannons, and great store  
 Of Ammunition, hence the Victors bore.  
 The Captives did the Victors duplicate,  
 Which *Round-way-Downe* did *Run-way* nominate.  
 ¶ Whilst these trans-actions in the *South* do pass  
 At *Burlington* the Queen arrived was;  
 Of Arms and Ammunition store she brought,  
 With the Crown Jewels late in *Holland* bought.

The Parliaments great Ships that hovered near,  
 When once these Royal parties landed were,  
 And the Convoy return'd; near shore advance,  
 On *Burlington* with their great Ordinance  
 They play off Ship-board; for an hour and more,  
 And then weigh Anchor and put off from shore.

¶ *Ougleby* and *Montrosse* to the Queens traine  
 Conjoyne their Troopes, and first to *York* they came.

*Fermin* was the Queens General, th' Infantry  
 Infamous *Lesley* led; her Chavairy  
 The noble *Gerrard*; *Leg* the sole Chieftain  
 Of her Artillery; and thus they came  
 From *York* up to *Edge-Hill*; where the King meets  
 His Loyal Consort, and most kindly greets  
 Her with imbraces most affectionate,  
 And with great joy doth there congratulate

Her

Her safe return ; Sweet Martial Melody,  
 Doth make the Ecchoing Hills and Vales reply,  
 And tell the World, what love and joyes there are  
 Conceiv'd at meeting, of this Royal pair.

The Thundering Cannons play at such a rate,  
 Judgements loud Trump, seeming to antedate,  
 So sweet the Levits were, so high the strain,  
 Joying those Loyal Ghosts, there lately slain.

From hence these Royal Armies, all repair  
 To *Glocester* : All things provided are  
 Now for the Siege : And thus the Camp fate down,  
 After the King, in vain, summon'd the Town.

Upon the South, laid *Rushen* Earl of *Forth*,  
*Ashley* on th' East, *Vavafer* on the North,  
 The River, and most of the Chavairy,  
 Upon the West side of the Town did lye ;  
 Still in the League doth the King reside,  
 Ladders, and Engines, numerous they provide,  
 And with their batteries, make the City-wall  
 As leaves from Trees, in *Autumn*, for to fall:

Yet could not enter, for the Deeper Moat,  
 In which so many Faggots thrown, still float  
 Upon the waters, so that they repair  
 Their breaches: The Kings Mines countermin'd are,  
 The King (whilst here) much precious time did lose,  
 Either the art, or prowess of the Foes,  
 Or the Towns strength (this Town's) unfortunate,  
 Did all the Kings assaults annihilate.

Many



62      *The English Civil Warres.*

Many bold Sallies the Besieged make  
 Some wound, some kill, & some they prisoners take.  
 ¶ Whilst *Glocester* the King besieg'd in vain,  
*Exiter* did Prince *Morice* powers regain.  
 Before this Town a while the Prince had laid,  
 And on it only with his Cannons plaid,  
 Then makes a fierce assault, prevails so far,  
 As that their mounts, works, sconces, all won are,  
 And their own Cannons turn'd against the Town,  
 In this distress they beat a Parley soon  
 And yeild on Quarter: Thus even the whole West  
 Became the Kings, for *Rupert* had possess  
*Bristol* before: The third or fourth Day,  
*Fines* had surrendered, and was march'd away.  
 ¶ That constant Herald, even swift flying fame,  
 Now told the King how General *Essex* came  
 To raise his Siege, who *Rupert* off soon sent,  
 To bee to *Essex* an impediment,  
 And to retard his Marches, whilst that hee  
 From *Glocester* drew off Artillery.  
 Some skirmishes betwixt these parties pass,  
 Yet *Glocester* releiv'd by *Essex* was,  
 And having done this feat so much desir'd,  
 For *London* hee resolv'd to have retir'd.  
 ¶ But *Rupert* follows with a numerous force  
 Of Chavallry, and Bodies brave of Horse,  
 Marches for *Wilt-shire*, and to *Auburn* near,  
 Most boldly falls in General *Essex* rear.

My first charg'd, who the Forlorn did lead,  
 Did execution much, many fell Dead  
 His Troops before; But *Essex* fac'd about,  
 And well-nigh put brave *Jermyns* Horse to rout;  
*Jermyn* and *Digby* shot, some also rane,  
*Constable* and *La-vieuville* slain.

On *Mavern* Hills, they have a second bout,  
 And for a while ingage both Horse and Foot,  
 With success equal: But this while the King  
 To *Newberry*, his Infantry doth bring.

*Essex* goes on to *Strincester*, where  
 Of Royallists, too many Quartered were  
 Which hee surprizes. Next Day hee did see  
 The King embattail'd, near to *Newberry*.

At the first sight, both parts began to fire,  
 But night comes on, and so they both retire.

A plot of very advantagious ground,  
 This night about two miles off *Essex* found,  
 On which hee did encamp; But the next Day  
 So soon as *Phœbus*, did his Rayes display  
 Fully upon our *Hemisphere*, the King  
 Up even to *Essex* Front, his powers did bring.

With the Forlorn, brave *Lisle* boldly went on,  
 And first did fight, for ground to fight upon:

Then the two *Byrons* with much Gallantry,  
 Led on the Royal Horse, and Infantry,  
 Acting their parts like Souldiers excellent,  
 Even to their Enemies astonishment:

Louder

☞ Louder than Thunder, now the Cannons roar  
 Heads, Leggs, Arms, Thighs, with violence they tore  
 From whom they hit; Of Bullets the thick flight  
 Even at high noon, induce a sudden night:  
 As leaves in *Autumn* from an Oaken Wood,  
 Men fall down Dead; the field o'reflows with blood  
 Most hideous, pitteous cries, and groans, resound  
 From Dying men, laid on that bloody ground.

Some wounds so wide, at once mens bloods do  
 Rapiers and Tucks, do full as surely kill (spills  
 With smaller pricks, the Fauchians broad hew down  
 And cleave men, to the middle from the crown.

Here might you see two ride up close, present;  
 Give fire, then both fall Dead incontinent;


Of Musketers, whole Bodies you might see;  
 Now come to push of Pike, fiercely let flee,  
 With But end of their peecees at the Head  
 Of one another, striking many Dead  
 Even at a blow, their brains disperfed were,  
 And oft did the survivours face besmear.


Here might you see a Bulle-galled Horfe,  
 Through Ranks and Files, his bloody way inforce,  
 Till on the point of a well-level'd Spear  
 Hee runs himself, and there ends his carrear.


☞ Whole Files of men, the Chain-shot cuts in  
 With the Plebeians, are great Nobles slain; (twain,  
*Strond, Falkland, Morgan, Fielding, Sunderland,*  
 Are now by Death, sequestred from command.


Noble



 Noble *Carnarvans* Death was eminent,  
Who now had multitudes before him sent  
To *Charons*-boat; At length there did him meet  
An Armed Gallant, with fierce blows they greet  
Each other, from each stroak the sparkling fire  
Doth fly about them, both at length retire,  
And then ride up again, and bravely tilt  
At one another, up even to the hilt:  
The Enemy did in *Carnarvan* sheath  
His bloody Blade, nor did the other breath  
One minute after; for in Death more fierce,  
*Carnarvans* sword, his very heart did pierce,  
Thus with their swords in one anothers brest,  
They fell, and laid on Honour's bed to rest.

 A rimerous Foot-man laid close on the Earth  
Amongst the Dead, onely for fear of Death,  
Yet peeping up often about him spi'd,  
A fierce Dragoon that him lye quick descri'd.  
In twain, his head with a broad Pole-axe slit,  
Freed him from what hee feard, by giving it.

 *Andover, Peterborough, and Carlisle,*  
Brave *Lucas, Darcy, Gerrard, Ivers, Lisle,*  
All wounded are led off; But *Essex* lost  
Were not a Lord, though dear his victory cost.

 The King and Queen as sad spectatours stood,  
And see the effusion of those Seas of Blood  
That flow'd upon that field, and to retire  
Their well-nigh routed Army did require.

Shrill sound the Trumpets, and the Drums loud beat;  
To some a glad, t' others a forc'd retreat.

☛ Nor now had *Essex* any appetite  
To rally, and renew this bloody fight,  
For with Dead Corps having now pay'd his way,  
For *London* straight hee march'd without all stay;  
And to *Westminster* did in Triumph bring,  
His (dear bought) Colours taken from the King.

☛ Had but the King this Fatal Seige declin'd,  
And his brave Troops for *London* then design'd;  
When first hee came *Glocester* walls before,  
Hee need not sure, have foughten any more.

*Essex* condition desperate at that time,  
The *Londoners* assistance did decline  
To th' Parliament, the Lords did all accord  
To end the Wars, the King should bee restor'd,  
The Principallity of all the West,  
(Save *Glocester*) the King as then possest,  
But the *Errata's* wee commit in War  
By fates Decree irrevocable are.

*Gell*, *Brearton*, *Ridgby*, *Jacson*, all prepare,  
*Bird* in his Nest, *Eccleshal*, to insnare  
And take; who came, first won the Church & Town,  
And then those Barns and Stables all burn down  
That stood the Castle near; Their Guns they plant  
Play at the Walls, yet all this cannot daunt  
Those here besieg'd; their hold they do Defend.  
To raise the Siege his Majesty did send,

*Capel,*

*Capel*, and *Hastings*, who now drawing nigh ;  
 I' th' Church do the Besiegers fortifie  
 Themselves; *Bird* counsels to inforce them thence;  
 The Lords cannot with so much time dispence  
 To beat them out, so *Bird* resigns his place  
 (Hopeless indeed as in the present case)  
 To Captain *Abel*, and away hee went  
 With the Relief, the Siege incontinent  
 Renewed was, and *Abel* thus confin'd,  
 After a while to *Gell* the place resign'd.

✠ *Arundel-Castle Waller* came to take,  
 Assaults most furious, many did he make,  
 Yet, with great loss was bravely still repel'd.

After a month or more they out had held  
 They yeild ; In it was a full years provision,  
 Wondrous well man'd, of Arms and Ammunition  
 Abundance, who can value this rich prize?  
 Which made the most that knew it to surmise,  
*Waller* with Golden Cannons here had plai'd,  
 And so this last, and greatest Battery made.

✠ For *Winchester Waller* doth march, the Town  
*Hopton* possesse, and doth to *Bramdean Down*  
 Draw out his men, resolv'd *Waller* to fight,  
*Waller* comes on, the Armies now in fight  
 Each of the other ; with loud shouts they rent  
 The very Clouds, a Dareing complement  
 Of thundring Cannons, is the first salute,  
*Waller* the Hill had gain'd, the first Dispute



Was him to dispossess ; but dear it cost ,  
And many a life on both parts for it lost.

This dear-gain'd Hill , *Strout Lisle* guarded that  
During which both parts did desist to fight. (night,

Another Hill more advantageous farr ,  
*Waller* had found, hither his Foot drawn are,  
The hedges lin'd, his Horse themselves display  
All in the Van. No sooner had the Day  
Lightned the World, but *Hopton* on doth press ,  
*Waller* of his new-ground to dispossess.

*Balfore* wheels off, as though hee seem'd to fly.

The *Ambuscado's* of their Infantry  
Are now descri'd : Yet no time to retire.

In Vollies thick from th' hedges they give fire ,  
Bullets like hail-stones fly, that bloody ground  
Is covered with Dead Corps, *Kutten* a wound  
Received here ; Lord *Stuart* here was slain ,  
And that brave *Smith*, that erewhile did regain  
The Royal Standard at *Edge-Hill* ; Stout *Scot* ,  
*Apleford*, *Mannings*, *Sandies*, all Collonels, shot.

Most violent, and bloody was the fight ,  
Sulphureous Powder-clouds, obscure the light,  
And fiery flashes through them blinde mens eyes,  
Clashing of Armour, tumult, dolorous cries  
Of dying men resound in every place.

*Waller's* Commanders also fall apace ,  
The Stout *Dalbier* had many a wound here got ,  
A Cannon Bullet *Thompsons* thigh off shot ,

And

And numbers more lay bleeding on the ground.

† *Hopton* at length a forc'd retreat doth sound,  
His men disordered well-nigh to a rout,  
To *Basing-house* from hence he wheels about  
*Winchester* left; *Waller* doth follow near,  
*Winchester* yeilds, when once his men appear  
Before the Town? *Waller's* succesful fate,  
Prince *Griffith* doth indeed so animate,  
To undertake *North-Wales*, obedient  
To bring by force, unto the Parliament.

From *London* in a most heroick guise,  
They set him forward to his enterprize;  
His silver Trumpers, Sumpters, brave attyre  
Even of his Troopers, make the most admire.

His first design is *Rupert* to seek out  
They meet; This Pseudo-Prince is put to rout,  
His men dispers'd, all driven into holes;  
His golden Mountains, thus do prove but Moles;  
Like *Phaeton* now fallen from the sky  
Of all command; his vaunts and gallantry  
Lye buried now in scorn, his means spent all,  
Debauch'd he lives, Pride needs must have a fall.  
† *Newark* against *Meldrum* close sledge had laid  
And many waies the Town to gain assay'd;  
His Batteries, Mines, assaults were all in vain,  
Numbers each day of his assailants flaine.

*Rupert* at length with a brave Army comes,  
To raise the sledge, *Meldrum* draws off his Guns

At his approach; and to the *Spittle* near  
 He plants them; all his foot embodied were  
 In the same place; strong trenches them surround,  
 His Horse stands prancing on that champion ground  
 Under the Beacon-hill; *Rupert* draws nigh,  
 And from the Beacon doth the foes discry  
 Resolv'd to charge them; though his Foot and Rear  
 Some three miles distant yet behinde him were.

In Order good, his men the hill descend,  
 Stoutly their ground do *Meldrums* Horse defend.  
 Bloody grew the dispute, the Vale bespread  
 With heaps of Men and Horses, fallen, and dead.  
*Rupert's* right-wing was well-nigh put to rout,  
 And cowardly some did run till *Martin* stout  
 Came in to their relief, and turn'd the chase  
 Making the late pursuers flye; give place.  
*Hasting's* and *Porter's* acts were eminent,  
 And *Gerrard* did service most excellent  
 Till first dismounted, in his arme then shot  
 He yeilds himself a Prisoner; who did not  
*Rupert's* heroick valour here amaze.

As on some prodigy men stand and gaze  
 So do his actions even attract each eye,  
 To see, and wonder: him his deeds discry.

Three sturdy fellows him at length beset,  
 And one fast hold, did of his Choller get;  
 But that bold hand *Neale* at a blow in twain,  
 Cut from its arme; a second there was slain



By *Rupert's* self, the third was Pistol'd dead  
By Master *Mortaign*. On the Prince doth lead  
His troops victorious; charging through the foes,  
Hewing down Iains before him where he goes.

At length they run even quite behind their foot,  
Up to their works *Rupert* pursues the rout;  
And then retires out of their Cannon shot.

*Tilliar* by this, up with the foot was got;  
And from the hill most boldly doth them lead,  
Towards their Bridge of Boats, for which they plead  
With Vollies thick of Muskets, intermixt  
With thundering peals of Ordinance, betwixt  
Them, there they mannage a most bloody fray.

From *Muscum*-bridge their horse run quite away  
For *Nottingham*: the Princes force surround  
Them at the *Spittle*. But at length they sound  
A parley; *Rupert* let them march away  
With Colours, Drums, Swords, Horses; but doth stay  
Their Cannons, Muskets, Powder, Match and Ball;  
The noble *Gerrard* was releas'd withall.  
Then *Rupert* having given them this defeat,  
Doth to his best advantages retreat.

*Finis Libri Tertii.*



# THE ENGLISH CIVIL VVARRS.

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## BOOK IV.

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### The Contents.

*Essex and Wallers Forces are combin'd,  
 Essex for Cornwall goes: Waller's design'd  
 The King to fight: Copedray-bridge dispute:  
 The King doth after Essex make pursuite;  
 Essex defeat in Cornwall: Malsimberry tane,  
 Pennington Siege and Banburies: Min is slain;  
 Ast-ferry fight: Monmoth lost and regain'd:  
 Newberry second fight: Norton constrain'd  
 Baseing to leave: Wye-fight, Shrewsbury won,  
 Some Northern actions that this while are done.*

**T**He wing'd Musicians pleasantly did sing  
 Their airy notes, to welcome in the spring,  
*Tellus* in her Green Livery was beclad,  
*Flora* the Meads with Flowers enameld had,  
 And

And now what County, or what Hamlet clear  
Of Armed Camps, and Martial tumults were?

Great expectation of some actions great  
Possess the World, for *Oxford-shire* the seat  
Of three great Armies was; combined here  
*Essex* and *Waller's* numerous Forces were  
Against the King: who fighting did Decline,  
With their united Forces; and design  
Them to divide, and then the one assail.

Nor did the King his expectations fail,  
For hee with winding Marches flies about,  
And they pursue their Guns, their numerous Foot,  
Their Carriages: their Marches so impede,  
That *Essex* doth from *Waller* now recede,  
And into *Cornwall* his great Guns doth bring,  
*Waller* alone left to pursue the King.

But ere they part the Heavens did evidence,  
Their Frowns on their Rebellious Insolence,  
And made them feel the thundering *Jove* well knew  
That his Anointed, none should dare pursue,  
A most prodigious storm of hail there fell  
Near *Woodstock* on them, out of Heaven, even Hell  
Seem'd to bee poured; every stone so great,  
As to the ground, down Horse and man did beat;  
Thus for two hours, the angry Clouds did pour  
Upon their heads this more than furious shower;  
Yet in the Royal Camp no hail at all,  
But two miles distant (wondrous strange) did fall.

But



But let's return to *Waller*, and the King,  
 His Majesty to *Worcester* doth bring.  
 His Army *Waller* follows, *Bendley* then  
 The King march'd towards : *Waller* with his men  
 Here got before ; thinking the King would flye  
 Straight up the River, unto *Shrewsberry*.

The King wheels back for *Worcester*, and so  
 Some two-daies march had got before his foe.

When first the King to *Worcester* drew nigh,  
 From *Dudley-Castle* the Besiegers flye.

In winding marches hence the King doth pass  
 To *Buckingham* : his next March ordered was  
 For *Banbury* ; But *Waller* in his way ,  
 Upon *Croach-hill*, his Army doth display  
 To the Kings view : From that time, even till night,  
 For *Burley*, and for *Nethrope* they do fight ,  
 Two Villages betwixt their Camps that laid ,  
 The loss was equal ; but when night displaid  
 Her sable Mantle o're our Hemisphere ,  
*Waller* advanc'd to *Burton-hill* ; more near  
 To *Banbury*, and here his Excellence  
 Embattail'd stood : nor could be drawn from thence.

For *Daintry*, off then march the Cavalliers ,  
 Leaving the Bridge well man'd with Musketiers  
 To guard their Rear : *Waller* his Cannons sends  
 First down the Hill, and then himself discends  
 With his main Body , falls in the Kings Rear ,  
*Compton* and *Cleaveland*, first commanded were ,

= With

With noble *Bernard's* brave reserve of foot  
 To make a stand, and then to face about  
 And charge: most nobly on the Lords do go (foe.  
 Charge through, and through the proud advancing  
 Nor *Waller's* thundering Cannons did they fear,  
 Of which, the most here from him taken were.

*Wilmot*, the Lords did second gallantly,  
 Many of *Walters* on the Turfe do dye.  
 Bloody the fight with courage brave maintain'd,  
 Yet victory Nobly was at length regain'd  
 On the Kings part; *Wilmot* twice Prisoner tane,  
 The valiant *Clark* and *Bootlier*, both here slain.  
*Haward* and stout *Cornwallis* Knighted were  
 Who seeing *Wilmot* Prisoner void of fear  
 Rush through their thickest foes, and hundreds send  
 To *Charon's* Boat; rescue their honoured friend.

*Waller* by this gave ground, sounds a retreat,  
 Fearing indeed a total rout, defeat;  
 Nor could the King his victory home pursue,  
 Cause *Waller* his advantages too, drew. (en were  
 ⚔ Some Leathern Guns; twelve Brasses here tak-  
 With *Weems* that *Scot*; their Master-Cannoncer,  
 Who both against his Oath, and Loyalty  
 Unto his Prince; *Waller's* Artillery  
 Commanded; oh! ingratful mone-sworne-*Scot*,  
 Against the King to act; who sure did not  
 Deserve at thy hand; two hundred foot,  
 Were also taken prisoners at this bout.

And

And the like number on the ground lay slain  
Of *Waller's* men; for *London* now again  
For fresh recruits *Waller* his march doth take .

Haste after *Essex*, hence the King doth make.  
In *Cornwall* now arriv'd *Lestithiel* near  
Where General *Essex* forces quartered were.  
The King's victorious forces upon sight  
Would needs go on, ingage them there to fight.

But them to starve the King resolves, and so  
Encamps his Army very near the foe.  
Himself at *Mohum's* house *Boconnock* lyes.

*Greenvile* came up at length with more supplies,  
And now by force of *Lesterman* posselt  
*Essex* was straightned much, much now distrest.

A Fort and House near to Foy-Haven stood,  
The King got these; *Essex* depriv'd of food  
Was from the Sea by this; for these now man'd,  
The King that harbour solely did command .

Yet 'cause the foes ground had so much still *West*  
And two small Harbours there as yet posselt.

*Morice* upon their quarters doth design  
To fall; yet after some advice, decline  
The enterprize; for them to hunger out  
Was held the best: *Goring's* Horse, *Basset's* Foot  
Therefore went *West*, betwixt them and Saint *Blaze*  
Obstructing all relief, in this sad case,  
*Balfore* doth with their Horse break quite away  
Leaving their Foot: *Walgraves* near *Saltaſh* lay

Whom



Whom with his men, *Balfore* had nigh suppress'd.

But when the old man better was advis'd  
That they were foes; his Brigade out he drew,  
A hundred of them on the place there slew,  
Took *Abercony* Prisoner, and some more  
*Goring* pursued too, but they got o're  
To *Plimouth*: in the mean time all the foot  
*Leftishiel* left; to *Foy*-ward marching out,  
Many brave Cannons left behind them were  
The King posselt them; followes in their Rear  
From hedge, to hedge, most bravely doth them bear.

At length they face, and force the King retreat,  
Having got an advantage of the ground,  
On goes brave *Bret*, ( and though he got a wound )  
With the Queens Troop, and forc'd them run again,  
Onely some four or five of his were slain,  
For which brave service he was dubbed Knight.

Nobly Lord *Stuard* did in this same fight  
Behave himself; With the Kings Troop: *Wray's* Foot  
Twice forcing from their hedges, to a rout;  
But night comes on and parts this running fray,  
And in this night their General stole away  
With *Meirick*, and Lord *Roberts* in a bear,  
To *Plimouth* o're the Waves they nimbly float.  
Leaving their Army in this great distresse.

Pity such men should General's names possesse;  
Who will not with their men participatè,  
In most adverse, as well as prosperous state;

O timerous men! notorious cowardize!  
Ten thousand men to leave in such a guise.

But the swift hours by this induce the day,  
And known it was *Essex* was run away,  
*Butler* his Drums a parley caus'd to beat,  
And with the Royalists on terms they treat.

And in conclusion, thus they do agree,  
To leave their Powder, Arms, Artillery.  
Onely to officers it granted was,  
With Pistols, Swords, and Horses off to passe.  
Ten thousand Arms, brasse Peeeces forty nine,  
Seven hundred Carriages they here resign  
Of Powder too; three hundred barrels: then  
Their Armelesse Army march: yet of their men  
Some thousands take up Arms on the King's part.

From *Cornwall* doth his Majesty depart  
For *Oxford*; and sole Master of the field  
*Barstable*, *Ilfercombe*, and *Saltsash* yeild,  
To his victorious Troopes, (*Saltsash* was ra'ne  
By storme, and therefore many of them slain.)  
Thus in the *West*, the King was prevailent

*Glocester* near, the game against him went,  
As though that county were design'd to be,  
The King and Kingdomes, sole Catastrophie.

*Massy* at *Beverstone* once worl'd; again  
Draws out his men that Castle to regain,  
Makes an assault; but least unto the foes  
The places weaknesse should their lives expose,

Upon

Upon conditions the Defendants yield. (shield

Nor yet could *Malmshury* Collonel *Howard*  
From *Massies* powers, the suburbs first they gain'd.

But *Howard* sallying out boldly; constrain'd  
Them to give ground; what cowards will you flee?

Said *Massy* to them, rally, follow mee,  
On then again they go, the Town they win  
Many put to the Sword, of those within.

On *Touxbury Massy* had his next design  
Which he surprises; but they soon combine,  
Their dispersed forces beat him out again

*Massy* comes on afresh; many are slain:  
*Min* routed in disorder fled away,

The Town to *Massy* left is as a prey.

☛ The Fox so politick had left his den  
Of *Tamworth* and to *Bendley* leads his men,

Pre tends to *Rupert* that he did retain

Demands access, it's granted; the Guard's tane,

The Town he enters, falls upon his prey,

*Listleton* and his men all led away

His Captives are; *Mythologists* applaud

In Foxes, not their fortitude, but fraud.

*Dennington-Castle Middleton* comes to take,

And an assault unparralleld did make;

With more than desperate fury they maintain,

This fierce assault six hours, but all in vain,

A hundred Souldiers on the place there fell,

Nine of their Captains, and a Collonel;

Hundreds



Hundreds more wounded, but *Blois* of his men  
Both kil'd and wounded, had not full twice ren.

*Middleton* marches off towards the *West*,  
*Bridge-water*, near *Courtney*, and hee contest  
Sharpely a while ( the hedges all were lin'd  
With Musketers, in Ambushes design'd,  
*Middleton* to catch) but off he wheels and flies,  
Many first kil'd : at *Sherburn* doth surprize  
A Troop of Royalists, and some doth slay,  
Victor and Vanquish'd in the self-same Day.

¶ *Dennington* too, now *Horton* comes before,  
Twelve nights & days, his thundering Cannons roar,  
And play most furiously against those Walls,  
Some part whereof unto the ground there falls,  
Three lofty Towers they raze too, to the ground,  
Yet all attempts in vain, experience found  
For the Defendants gallantry, and art  
( *Maugre* their malice ) forc'd them to depart.

¶ With numerous *Colliers* now comes Collonel  
From *Bedworth*, *Banbury-castle* undermines, ( *Fines*  
Thought in a cloud of Sulphure, to have sent  
These Walls up to the Skies; *Waters* prevent  
His wish'd attempt, frustrate his *Colliers* skill.

Then with his thundering Cannons next he will  
The work effect, a breach full wide hee made,  
With Sword and Pistol they the same invade,  
In four Divisions more, on came his Foot  
With Scaling-Ladders on their shoulders; stout

To

To admiration, the Defendants were ;  
 Nor could the assailants any Ladder rear,  
 But with a vengeance all beat back again,  
 Except some hundreds on the place left slain.

The next means for to win it, *Fines* doth try,  
 Is with Granado's them to terrifie  
 Out of their hold ; with streaming fires these blaze  
 Amongst the Clouds, while the Defendants gaze  
 VVith wonder, Down precipitate they fall,  
 VVhose thundering language did indeed, them all  
 At first affright, some kill, and some blow blinde,  
 As Dust in streets, is by a whirling VVind  
 Blown every way ; So bullets, many a nail,  
 VVith shattered shells the standers by assail  
 VVhen these do break ; the onely waie's to fall  
 And lye prostrait, so to avoid them all.

VVhilst multitudes of these, *Fines* on them plaies,  
*North-hampton* comes with *Gage* the Siege to raise.

*Fines* fac'd the Earl a while, then off-ward Drew  
 To *Hanwell*, but *North-hampton* doth pursue,  
 Falls in his rear ; *Fines* faces, many slain,  
 Two hours and more, both sides the fight maintain  
 With resolution, and much gallantry,  
 At length *Fines* Forces do disperse and fly,  
 Three carriages of Powder, Match and Shot,  
 With one brave Cannon, here the Victors got.  
 G *Mins* grand design was *Maffie* to insnare,  
 And so this purpose many projects are

All set on foot, but fail; *Harbury* near  
 Some few of *Mins* Rear-guard surprized were,  
 But near to *Elderfield* their whole Brigade  
 Advance; and there their Ambuscado's laid,  
 Lining the hedges with their Musketers,  
 Their Horse stand in their Front; *Maffie* appears  
 Next morning, chargerth: *Mins* Horse soon retire,  
 Thinking their Ambuscado's should give fire,  
 Upon the now advancing Enemy,  
 And so they did; but forc'd at length to fly.  
*Min* with two-hundred on the turf were slain,  
 And near three hundred Prisoners of them rane.  
 Wounded and taken *Paffer* was also,  
 Slain *Min*'s Brigade as hee came posting to,  
 To let them know more Forces were at hand.

And though those follow under his command;  
 Yet their pursuit was vain, the fear was done,  
 And *Maffie* with his prize and prisoners gone.  
~~It~~ *Rupert* Ast-ferry to secure intent,  
 Six hundred Horse and Foot thither had sent,  
 These for their Guard intrench that neck of land,  
 That *Wye* and *Severn*'s confluence 'twixt did stand.

*Maffie* this hears, and therefore doth Designe,  
 Thence to inforce them, ere their works and Line  
 Perfected are; thither therefore hee went,  
 A Squadron of his Musketers are sent  
 Privately on; *Ruperts* men them discry,  
 And at them all, their Guards at once let fly,



In a loud Volly all their shot; again  
 Ere they could charge, *Massie's* Forlorn amain  
 Now mount their works; then his reserves on came,  
 A bloody fight both parts a while mainrain;  
 But in conclusion *Massie* got the Day,  
 Except whose heels and Boats bore them away,  
 All slain and Prisoners are; So various are  
 These sad successes of this Civil Warr.

*Kirle* to *Massie*, *Monmouth* had betray'd,  
 Which to effect, thus they their plot had laid.

*Massie* to *Monmouth* first advanceth near,  
 Then feigns a Post him to recall; they hear  
 In *Monmouth* *Massie's* gone; Draw out, pursue  
*Kirle* commands this party, who well knew  
 Where *Massie's* Ambuscado's now were laid,  
 Thither hee leads his party; all betray'd,  
 And now surrounded, yeild to *Massie*; then  
 To *Monmouth* with a part of *Massie's* men  
*Kirle* returns, saying these Prisoners were  
 They on the Gates; But, behold, in the Rear  
*Massie* comes up; then *Kirle* and those got in,  
 Declare themselves, to wound and kill begin  
 The Guard; let down the bridge, *Massie* comes ore  
 The Garrison they instantly ore power,  
 The Governour, advantaged by night  
 With many more, escape their hands by flight.

*Broughton* intends *Godridge* to fortifie,  
*Hereford* Forces his design dlicry,

Draw out, the first assault they on it make,  
*Broughton* and all his men they Prisoners take.

Now *Massie* Horse to *Monmoth* quartering near,  
 Bravely assailed by valiant *Blaxton* were,  
 Many hee took, many of them were slain,  
 Yet fresh supplies came up, and back again  
*Blaxton* inforce with loss. *Massie* also  
 With *Gerrard* and with *Winter* had to do,  
 Skirmishing oft. *Massie* from *Monmoth* gone,

*Throgmorton* had the Regiment alone,  
 And Drawing out on *Chepstow* to attempt,  
 From *Ragland* and from *Godridge* some are sent,  
 Who in *Throgmorton's* absence now devise  
 A Stratagem, *Monmoth* again surprize.

What Treachery lost, Policy bravely won  
 These nobly did, but *Kirle* had basely done.

¶ *Stephens*, *Randon* to releeve, flies with his Horse  
 To give him ground doth the besiegers force,  
 Whilst hee alights, makes merry with his friends,  
 Renowned *Ashley* a strong party sends.

They block him up, who others thought to free  
 From a straight siege, besieg'd himself is hee,  
 And all together yeild, so excellent  
 Such Stratagems was *Ashley* to invent.

¶ *Manchester*, *Essex*, *Waller*, all combine  
 Forces, the King for to surround, near *Spine*  
 They rendezvow; then off their Horse they Draw,  
 First to inforce the Royalists from *Shaw*,

A hot dispute Prince *Morice* Horse and they,  
 Maintain with loss on both parts all that Day.  
 Nor did their thundering Cannons cease the while,  
 Some men they kill, some houses they untile,  
 And with those tiles, oft strike some Souldiers Dead.

Then for a Mill on *Kennet* next they plead,  
 Where (many Royallists surpriz'd and slain)  
 That Mill and passage the *Essexians* gain,  
 Till noble *Ashley* with his Valiant Foor,  
 Came up (the Foes put all to flight and rout,  
 And many in the River Drown'd) regain'd  
 The Mill and Passage: *Bennet* too maintain'd,  
 Waller against a bloody fight: Whose Horse  
 For to retire, *Leggs* Chavalry inforce.  
 Yet rallying *Legg* did bravely charge again,  
 Routs *Essex's* Life-guard, whose Commander slain  
 By *Bennet* was; The Duke of *Yorke's* Brigade,  
 Led on by *Leagure*, gallant service made,  
 Thus on the *West* of *Newberry* went the game.  
 But on the *East* the bold *Essexians* came  
 With confidence, and resolution on,  
 And noble *Goring* pressed sore upon;  
 Who did with courage no whit less oppose  
 The numerous, and as yet prevailing Foes.  
 Till on goes *Cleaveland* with his own Brigade,  
 And those insulting Foes to fly soon made:  
 In this same charge was Major *Urry* slain,  
 And *Cleaveland's* self, that Noble Earl was rane.



↳ *Manchester's* men this while on the *North-East*,  
 To *Show-ward* in this bloody fight, the least  
 Part had not mannag'd : where *Renowned Lisle*,  
 Had bravely kept them Martial play this while ;  
*Astley* and *Brown* here service brave had done ,  
 And had some Cannons from the Rebels wone.

Thus was this fight maintained in a round ,  
 Till with dead corps that blood-ore-flowing ground  
*Newberry* on each side, lay thick bespread ,  
 And *Kennets* ruddy streams discoloured  
 With several rivulets of crimson blood ,  
 United, and augmented to a flood ,  
 Nor on the Day alone here did they fight,  
 But in loud Volleys fired all the night,  
 The Ecchoes of their thundering Guns, loud cries,  
 In Doleful accents from those woods replies ,  
 And neighboring vales, tumult, licentious rage,  
 Fills every place ; here armed Troops ingage ,  
 There great Battailions of brave Infantry ,  
 With Death-Defying magnanimity :  
 The Earth seem'd for to tremble and rebound ,  
 Whereon the prauncing Horse did charge ; a wound  
*Brainford* receiv'd i'th' mouth, *Alford* i'th' thigh ,  
*Leagure* and *Leak* stout Royalists here Dye ,  
 Their honour lost in *Cornwall* to regain  
 The Roundheads fight ; the Kings part to maintain  
 Their Honour got ; the motives equal were  
 Courage to breed, and to exempt all fear.

☞ A *Cornish* Foot man slip't and got a fall,  
As hee was running nigh a Garden wall,  
Even at that time, that a thick flight of shot,  
Came whistleing ore his head, hee swore by Got  
That hee was slain; and panting there hee laid,  
For Saints and Souls, Desiring his Comrade  
Him there to Bury: But to search his wound,  
A Surgeon came; behold! none could be found.  
They bid him rise, and fight, for nought him ail'd,  
But all their words with him nothing prevail'd:  
Rather, said hee, Inter mee here alive,  
Then I should in such Dangerous times survive.  
Cold grew his limbs, his pulse beat weak, his breath  
Fetch'd thick, at length hee Dies, for fear of Death.

☞ Dubious as yet, was victory whom to grace  
With her triumphant Palms, for in one place  
The King prevails, takes Cannon, when hard by,  
The like success attends the Enemy.

Here might you see some fly, others pursue,  
Fresh Horse advance, those victors late subdue.

Both sides had Ensigns, Cannons, Prisoners tane,  
Numbers of both parts on the field lay slain,  
Dubious it was, to whom to attribute  
Victory, in this so late, and fierce Dispute.  
Yet Trophies more on the Kings part appear,  
Now marching off for *Wallingford*: whose Rear  
Till midnight on that bloody place did stay,  
And then without Disturbance march away.

☛ *Basing* had been besieg'd nigh half a year,  
Many th' assaults, many the batteries were  
Against it made; yet those attempts all vain,  
Defendants few, numerous assailants slain.

Many assaults *Waller* upon it made,  
Who six whole weeks battering before it laid.

Then *Norton's*, *Morley's*, *Onslow's* Forces come,  
Out the Defendants Sally oft, kill some  
At each adventure; but at length the King  
Sends them releif, which on stout *Gage* did bring.

On *Chidnam-down*, *Norton* and hee doth meet,  
And with a gallant Charge most nobly greet  
Each other; In conclusion *Norton* flies,  
*Basing-house* furnish'd is with all supplies  
Now necessary, *Gage* doth back retreat.

*Johnson* and *Cusford* Sallying out did beat  
Up *Onslow's* Quarters, many Prisoners rane,  
One Demi-culvering, with some hundreds slain.  
But the besiegers rally, and again  
Renew their Siege: To whom *Manchester* came  
With a great Army, yet here did not stay,  
But to meet *Essex* marched straight away.

When the besiegers heard of *Essex* fate  
In *Cornwall*, and that battail passed late  
At *Newberry*: with the Kings approach, they fire  
Their Huttts, and rise; to *Reading* straight retire.

☛ *Winter* intends a passage upon *Wye*,  
For his advantages to fortifie.

But



But *Massie's* forces all upon him came,  
 Put him to rout; *Garnet* and *Vangeris* slain,  
 And *Pore of Barkley* drown'd; the Prisoners were  
 Many (though *Winter's* self escaped) here.  
 To *Shrewsbury* to surprize, *Miston* had laid  
 His project, which now took: some say betray'd  
 Into his hands, that Town and Castle were,  
 Great was the losse the King sustained here.  
 Commanders many of great dignity,  
 Arms, Ammunition, Men, Artillery,  
 Abundance here were tane; *Plimouth* also  
 Surrendred had to her beseiging foe.  
*Weymouth* was yielded too; even everywhere  
 Sharpe seidges, bloody skirmishes there were.  
 So active *Mars* was on the Southern Stage.

No whit lesse furious was his Northern rage.  
*New-Castle's* numerous Forces now advance,  
*Haward* to *Pras-bridge* comes, whose fatal chance  
 Was there for to be slain, *Hotham* that day  
 Had fac'd; at night draws off, marching away.

*New-Castle* comes to *Tork*; where *Cumberland*  
 Conjoyns these forces under his command,  
 To *Tadcaster* they march, where the bold foes,  
*Fairfax* and *Hotham's* forces, them oppose.

The Town well nigh *New Castle's* men had got  
 Till *Lister's* men (though *Lister's* self was shot)  
 Did in disorder beat them back again,  
 About a hundred Royalists here slain.

*Fairfax*

*Fairfax* at night (the fight maintain'd all day)  
 Clear quits the Town, for *Selby* march'd away.  
 ☞ Young *Fairfax* with his Troops from *Bradford*  
 To *Leeds*, and fiercely did assault the same. (came  
 After some hours dispute the Town they winne,  
 Many are slain and tane of those within.  
*Savile* doth flie to *Pemfret*; *Beaumont* drown'd  
 In swimming *Ayre*: *Briggs* here receiv'd a wound  
 And so did *Leigh*: some twenty of these slain.

*Fairfax* his Horse, Foot, and his Club-arm'd train  
 To *Sea-croft* leads, after a sharp dispute  
 Routed is *Fairfax*, nigh to *Leeds*, pursue  
 After his dispersed men the conquerers make,  
 Many they kill, great numbers Prisoners take.

*Wentworth* with his Brigade at *Wakefield* laid,  
*Fairfax* comes thither, doth the Town invade,  
 All *Wentworth's* men (just as the *Trojeans*) here,  
 Drunk, or asleep, in bed, surprized were  
 Though *Wentworth* scap'd, the Prisoners taken thus  
 Then the assailants were more numerous.

*Chawley* the Quarters of the Cavaliers  
 Oft with successe attempted when he hears,  
*Slingsby* at *Gisborough* to be resident,  
*Bointon* and he conjoyned, thither went,  
 After a sharp encounter, *Slingsby's* tane,  
 With nigh two hundred more, many are slain;  
 Many the Arms the Royalists lost here.

☞ Active the Royalists at *Latham* were.

Before

Before *Manchester* did *Lord Strange* Display  
 His new-rai'd forces, but was beat away  
 Thence with some losse: alas! who can declare,  
 All the occurrences of this sad Warre.

The valiant *Tinsley* did with sword and fire  
*Lancaster* fall upon; the Rogues retire,  
 Out of those flaming streets, discoloured  
 With blood, and with dead corps also bespread;  
 Then on the Castle *Tinsley* makes assay,  
 But leaves it, and for *Tork-shire* march'd away.

*Girlington* stout, *Thirlan* his house maintain'd  
 'Gainst a sharpe sledge; yet was at length constrain'd  
 On terms for to surrender, *Horneby* too  
 Had yeilded to the now prevailing foe.

*Leviston* with his valiant *Skiptoners*  
 To *Setle* came; the Town assaults, *Briggs* fears  
 His men would not hold out; up th'hills he flies;  
 Onely some three in this dispute there dyes.

After a while, *Briggs* did to *Skipton* near,  
 Conjoyn'd with some of *Hothams* Troops, appear:  
 At *Carleton* or *Kildwick* these remaine,  
 Often they skirmish, often some are slain.  
 In *Richmond-shire* the noble *Darcy* had,  
 A gallant Regiment in blew-Coats clad;  
 Under blew Colours raised for the King,  
 Which Regiment he doth to *Skipton* bring.  
 With these conjoyn'd, 'gainst *Thornton-Hall* we go,  
 Make an attempt out thence to beat the foe

But



But neither House nor Barns, scarce once hit were,  
 At twenty shots, by our blinde Cannonier;  
 Whilst some Dragoons alight on foot to play,  
 Some of our horse the foes had stoln away;  
 Onely some Barns we at this bout did fire,  
 And thence for *Skipton* with some losse retire.

↳ To *Thornton-Hall*, that Country that lay near  
 Much dis-affected to the Kings part were,  
 Clowns for the most part sturdy, savage, rude,  
 Whom fair pretences did trapan, delude  
 And court into Rebellion; these did fear  
 Cause some; that all of us even Papists were; (King

Their whineing Preachers made them think the  
 Strange innovarions on the Church would bring  
 And that his studies all he did imploy  
 The Laws to change, Propriety destroy.

And on the contrary they did pretend,  
 The Parliament the country would befriend  
 Popery rout out; make them a people free  
 From any Tax, from any Subsidy,  
 And all their charges in these Warres defray;  
 (These things they did the clear contrary way.)  
 And still their exhortations thus did end.

Your Coine and Plate on publick Faith now lend,  
 The Parliament is on your good intent,  
 O freely then, aid you the Parliament.

Such fair pretences, promises untrue,  
 To sad rebellion multitudes soon drew.

And

And did much Coin into their Coffers bring  
To mannage these late warres against the King.

THE

ENGLISH CIVIL WARRS.

The Comments.

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*Finis Libri Quarti.*


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The-ſe had receiv'd a private ſupply  
Of Armes, Comiſſions, great Ammunition,  
For ſervice of the Queene, which ſhe had ſent  
To ſerve her ſelfe, to march to the ſea.  
There ſome a Royall ſhip was found,  
The place ſhe had choſe for landing ground;

# THE English CIVIL WARRS,

## BOOK V.

### The Contents.

*Atherton fight; Hulls Siege yet these between,  
At Gainsborough and Nantwich do intervene  
Some actions. Winsby fight. Hulls sedge doth rise:  
New-Castle meets old Levens enterprize  
Invading England, his Oration  
His Covenanters see; Bowden-Hills on  
And Pinshaw; Skirmishes: Corbridge dispute,  
Fairfax's forces mightily recruite  
In York-shire: Selby stormed is by them,  
Renowned Redman's Cauwoods Stratagem.*

**N***ew-Castle had receiv'd a brave supply  
Of Arms, Commanders, great Artillery,  
Late from the Queen: against Bradford then we go,  
That town devoted so much to the foe,  
That scarce a Royalist in it was found.  
The place is situate on declining ground;*



A craggy River on the South doth glide,  
 With Bulworks strong the Town was fortifi'd.  
 Trading had flourish'd, rich the Boars late grew  
 Of which no cause, but self-desert they knew.

A deep dissembled, verbal, sanctity  
 Was their Religion; for true piety,  
 Truth, and good manners had small practise here,  
 Bishops and Papists hated of them were.  
 Also the Gentry; facile to perswade  
 Upon the Account of liberty: to aid  
 The Parliament, which made them in such swarms;  
 Under rebellious Ensignes now bear arms.  
 Such is the Town, such is the Country too,  
 With which our Forces now must have to do.

Leeds is forsaken, before *Howley-Hall*  
 We then encampe; a breach soon in the wall  
 Our thundering Cannons make; they yeild, then we  
*Bradford* towards, draw our Artillery.

Near *Atherton* a whinny More doth lye,  
 Full of old Cole-pits, now fill'd up, and dry:  
*Fairfax* in these his Ambuscado's laid,  
 From out of these, our Forlorne they invade  
 Put them to rout, our seconds also fly,  
 Till General *King* came with a fresh supply.  
 Whose words, and actions much encouragement,  
 Unto our flying Cohorts did present  
 So that they Rally; and charge up again,  
 Many of both parts on the field lye slain?

Sharp

Sharp was the contest, desperate, fierce and hot,  
 Thick flew the volleys of dead wounding shot;  
 Loud roar'd our Cannons; a tumultuous rage,  
 Fill'd every place, Bodies of Footingage,  
 (Having their Powder spent) at push of Pike,  
 And with the But-end of their Muskets strike  
 Out one anothers brains, so fierces each stroak  
 As Barrels bow'd, and Stocks to shivers broke,  
 Leaving their Pans oft fixed in the head  
 Of whom they wounded, or had last struck dead.

*Fairfax's* Horse advantage had of ground,  
 In number ours, *Harvard* a mortal wound  
 Receiv'd; our Swords, Rapiers, and Tucks we Dye  
 In one anothers blood; Pistols now flie  
 With more than furious, angry violence  
 At one anothers heads: most brave defence  
 The foe still made, though we press on amain,  
 So difficult was victory to obtain.

*Hieron* and *Talbot* meet, most dexterously  
 At one another let their pistols flie  
 One in the breast, the other in the head  
 Shot; from their horses on the Turfe fall dead.

Now victory, that of late was dubious,  
 Had her tryumphant Palme bestow'd on us;  
 The foes before our Troopes victorious flye,  
 In this pursute numbers of theirs do dye.

A zealous Puritan amongst the rest,  
 Before the fight did *Fairfax* thus request?

'Beseech your worship let's no quarter give,  
Pity these wicked Cavalliers should live.

Their party beat; a Cavallier did ride  
Up to this Zealot who soon quarter cry'd?  
Villain, said he, no quarter thou shalt have,  
Who will not give, pity they should receive.  
From *Hallifax* a club-arm'd short-shorne crew  
Zeal for the cause, unto this battel drew,  
Who, while the day seem'd on their side to go,  
Pursu'd and cry'd, see! God doth rout our foe!

At length the battel sore against them went,  
Their Clubs and Sythes thrown down incontinent  
They run, and cry'd, oh! God where art thou now  
These Cavalliers, alas! will us undo.

*Smalwood* had told them, Preaching in a tree,  
Ten before one, ninety fore ten should flee;  
*Smalwood* was a true Prophet in this case,  
One now might ten, and ten might ninety chase.

A *Northren* Trooper after *Briggs* did ride,  
About to strike, his club-foot he espy'd,  
Turning his horse he said thus in great fear,  
Alas! Comrades is not the foul Fiend here?

But with the fight the day began to close  
To several guards our Prisoners we dispose.  
Lousie to grow indeed they need not fear,  
For now of cloaths as thin as hair they were:  
From close crop't heads, and long ears preminence  
The name of Round-heads late they did commence.



Next day betimes *Bradford* we came before,  
Against the Town our thundering Cannons roar,  
Resolv'd the place by storme to force we are.

But for the on-set while we do prepare  
Advantag'd by obscurity of night

*Fairfax* with some Commanders take their flight  
To *Selby*-ward, which when our General knew  
A party strong are sent, them to pursue.

*Fairfax* having got (start enough) arriv'd  
At *Selby* safe, th'old Lord and he contriv'd,  
That Town to quit and streight for *Hull* to make.

To *Selby* come our Horse, some kill, some take,  
Ere o're the River they all Boated had.

*Bradford* this while was tane, a plunder sad  
(But yet deserv'd) it suffer'd. *Rotherham* tane  
We had before, with *Sheffield*: To regain  
*Hull*, fatal *Hull*, our Army makes addresse  
*Hotham* of this by force to dispossesse.

*Fairfax* on *Gainsborough* an assault doth make,  
Enters the Town, in it doth *Kingston* take,

Who in a Pinnace down the river's sent  
To *Hull*; *King* meets them as they thither went,  
And plays upon them with his Musketeers,  
The noble Earl upon the Deck appears,  
To cry for quarter, for his enemies,  
But by a Bullet shot from Shore, he dyes.

Thus by his friends the noble *Pearpoint*'s slain.

*Cavendish* marcheth *Gainsborough* to regain

From

From *Newark*, and close siege thereto had laid;  
But *Cromwel* comes to the Defendants aid,  
They fight: a many Royalists there dye,  
The rest for safety are inforc'd to flye.

Not many hours after this fight was done,  
*New-Castl's* Army to the field up come.  
For *Lincolne*, *Cromwel* his Retreat doth make,  
And *Gainsborough* soone *New-Castl's* Army rake;  
Want of Intelligence, thus cast away,  
Many brave gallants on this fatal day.

At *Nantwich* before, the Siege some while had laid  
When *Monk* at *Chester* lands, and *Byron* made  
Both with his own and these receiv'd supplies,  
Them to relöeve, this following enterprize.

At his approach off the besiegers drew,  
They meet, and fight, thick now the Bullets flew,  
Many of both parts on the ground lye slain,  
*Fairfax* at length is victor, *Monk's* here tane,  
And *Byron* put to a disordered flight,  
And nigh to *Chester* walls pursu'd that night.

At *Kingston* before, our Army late late down,  
Mounts high were rais'd, Cannons against the town  
Are planted, furious batteries many made;  
Many Granadoes on the Town are plaid,  
Great Engines, many Ladders fram'd were  
Onely perhaps to put the Town in fear,  
For no assault was made, the siege throughout.

Wish the Defendants many a bloody hour

Our Army had, the strength of that curst hold,  
Made them in frequent sallies far more bold.

Their numerous Cannons from the walls they  
Beat down our works, many Commanders slay (play  
One fatal shot *Levison* of his head  
Depriv'd, and struck another Captain dead.

*Aluns* with many more of Eminence  
Here lost their lives; *Witherington* led from hence  
A party brave, *Boston* (as some surmise)  
To take; but *Cromwel* meets the enterprize.  
They fight, at length the Cavaliers do fly,  
The valiant *Hopton*, and brave *Bowles* do dye,  
With hundreds more, numerous the Prisoners were  
And great the prize, *Cromwel* obtained here.

As with her Traine the Queen late Southward  
Bravely she had regain'd *Burton* on *Trent*. (went  
Of *Darcy's* Blew-Coats some the River wade,  
Whilst that their Collonel had his entrance made  
Upon the Bridge, their Cannon leapt upon  
This is the Kings, said he, thence nobly on  
His men he leads into the very Town,  
Their Rampiers and their Bulworks all thrown  
Many of the Defendants there do dye, (down  
And *Burton's* taken by their gallantry.

Not many hours after the Town was rane,  
Within the Church by accident the Trane  
Took fire; the Leads into the Ayre it blew,  
And of *Legg's* men, some lam'd, and some it slew  
Gainst



'Gainst *Hull* the siege was stoutly still maintain'd  
Though but small hopes that Town should be re-  
But the same day of *Winsby's* late defeat, (gain'd  
Boldly they sally out in numbers great,  
Beating up many of our Guards; they take  
And kill a number. And the *Scots* now make  
Their entrance into *England*, and we were  
Drawn off to meet and stop the *Scots* Career.  
From *Hull* the Camp thus rose, oh! fatal place,  
Out of our Annals let's even quite dirace  
Of *Hull* and *Glocester* those odious names,  
Rebellions hellish sin them much defames,  
And infamous for ever let them be,  
Till they repent of their disloyalty.

☞ In that same month from *Fanus* that bears  
The Covenanters into *England* came; (name  
Deep was the Snow, conjeal'd the Rivers were  
With christal Ice, drowning they need not fear?  
No though the Ice had not been half so strong,  
Seldome the water doth the Halter wrong.  
Thus cold the winter, but the zeal was hot,  
Of the rebellious, and falacious *Scot*.

Some twenty thousand strong, they march in men  
And with great Guns about some two times ten.  
Each Loun had numbers of those creatures bold,  
That sit till taken napping at their hold.  
If winter their increase did not prevent,  
Each Loun had bred his triple Regiment;

For a reserve they bore amongst their raggs,  
 At least a couple of well cram'd meale-baggs,  
 His Can, his Pan, his muckle large-horn-spoone,  
 The luggage was of every lousy Lounne.  
 A Piper did before each Cohort play,  
 Each *Jocky* had his *Ginny* by the way  
 To mow with now and then; All was their own  
 They could lay hands on, the long Robe and Gown  
 Especially they hate; nor did they irk,  
 (Though sacriledge) to plunder every Kirk.  
 What there they found, as bratts of Popery  
 Most superstitious do the Louns decry?  
 This deform'd army for the Reformation,  
 Is hir'd to fight, of this our *English* Nation.  
 If out of Hell an army they had sought,  
 Sure no such Villains, could from thence be brought.  
 ¶ This Army now advanc'd *New-Castle* near,  
 The General bade each Lad, draw nigh and hear  
 What to their expedition he could say.

'Tis not bra Lads those Louns that run away,  
 Some five years since, not far from this same place  
 With which we are to fight: Indeed the case  
 Is alter'd now; all *England* then were foes,  
 But now th'are friends, let's only beat but those,  
 (Casting his eye upon *New-Castle's* men)  
 Our work's then done, home we may turn agen?  
 What, said I home again, nay by my fay,  
 Not till we have receiv'd even all our pay.

If then all *England* fled at our first sight,  
 These Cavalliers ne're dare our forces fight,  
 Meethinks as yet, that running Charge I see,  
 When quite through *Time* disordered they did flee.  
 And if my Genius, Lads, do truth presage,  
 These Cavalliers ne're will with us ingage,  
 Our cause is now the same that it was then,  
 We have as many, and as gallant men.  
 The Parliament will let us nothing want,  
 Being ingag'd in our good Covenant;  
 These Louns before us we shall hunger-starve,  
 The names of souldiers they do scarce deserve;  
 Wee need not fight, this snow, this frost, this haile  
 Hunger and cold, gainst them will soon prevail,  
 And make them either run away; or dye  
 By multitudes, meethinks I do descry,  
 Discouragement already in them all.

Many good prizes to our share will fall;  
 Plunder of the Malignants we shall take,  
 But who are such? even whom we please to make,  
 Bra' Quarters we shall have, bra' commodation,  
 Wee'l put our selves into the English fashion.  
 Each Ginny here shall have her silken Gown,  
 Those Cloaks, bra' fures, good Beavours, all our own  
 Shall be we find: wee'l then fare of the best.

With good your worship, th' *English* shall request  
 The worst Lad here, even for their own: for we  
 Of them and theirs, will the sole Masters be.



Take courage then, and hardship let's indure,  
 Toile is a mean will wealth and ease procure,  
 Even in the height of future gallantry,  
 Past toyles to think on, will most pleasant be.

Thus said th'illiterate General while the rest,  
 By a loud shout their high flown hopes exprest.

✠ *New-Castles* Army was arrived near.

On *Bowden-hills*, therefore these Blew Caps were  
 Streight ordered to their post, whence all that day,  
 From their advantages both Armies play  
 Upon each other, Vollies thick of shot,  
 Yet at the push of Pike ingaged not.

On *Pinshaw-hills* they have a second bout,

And for some hours in vollies thick the foot

Upon each other play: The *English* stand

Embarrel'd, much desiring a command

For to fall on: But all that Winter's spent,

And yet no service that was eminent

Perform'd, except at *Corbridge*; *Langdale* here

Had charg'd the *Scottish* horse, who by him were

Routed to th purpose: numbers here he slew

Took many; did their flying Troops pursue

With execution great: The *Jockies* had

Ne're such a breakfast; but my Lord forbad

The further prosecution of the game.

Whereas if he had seconded the same

By fresh supplies, many good Souldiers thought,

Ruine on all the *Scots* that day had brought.

But

But seeing fighting was indeed declin'd,  
Thousands now Winter starv'd, or hunger pin'd;  
And English-men impatient of delay,  
*New-Castles* Army mouldred quite away.

Whom for a while we leave, *Fairfax* by this  
In *Tork-shire* with his Troops arrived is;  
And grows each day more and more numerous;  
Many that were arrayed late by us,  
And run away, with him do arms up take,  
From *Hallifax*, and *Bradford* many make  
To him addresse. Sole master of the field,  
Many of our lesse holds to him do yeild.  
¶ *Selby* before, his forces now he drew;  
The Town deny'd him, on his Souldiers flew  
With fury; several entrances they make,  
More then themselves, of ours they Prisoners take.

Whether our men surprized were with fear,  
Or for those narrower streets too numerous were  
We shall not now dispute: The Conquerers know,  
Scarce where their numerous Prisoners to bestow.  
*Manchesters* Army towards *Tork* repaire,  
*Wortley* and *Nostill* taken by them are,  
As down they came; *Nostil* they burn to ground,  
Putting the most to sword they therein found.

Now hovering about *Tork* these Armies laid,  
The *Scots* advance expecting by whose aid  
*Tork* closely to beleagure, they might be  
Put into a compleat capacity.

Before

Before which siege, one stratagem of War,  
 For *Pomfret* honour shall my Muse declare.  
 The valiant *Redman*, *Cromwel* to surprize,  
 From *Pomfret* marching, doth this plot devise;  
 Of Orange-Ribbons bought that morning store,  
 Flourished in our Hats each souldier wore;  
 Six men from the waste upwards, stripped were  
 Into their shirts, with blood we all besmear,  
 Their heads and shoulders; These before us drive  
 As Prisoners. At the Town when we arrive,  
 Their Centinel bids stand; come draw thy chain  
 We answered; we to *Cromwel* do retain  
 And Prisoners brought: That Centry did obey,  
 Then up the Town we streight direct our way  
 Unto the Castle gate, where there did stand  
 A Serjeant, with his Halberd in his hand.  
 Of him access demanded, streight the Gate  
 He opens, bids us welcome prosperous fate.  
 Thus brought us to our wish, some there were slain  
 And twenty only of them Prisoners tane.  
 Their Cannons we dismount, some gallants free  
 (Their Prison's broken) from Captivity;  
 Yet *Girlington* (though Prisoner there he were)  
 And call'd upon oft by us, did not hear,  
 Nor yet could we him find though him we sought  
 In many a Room. To *Pomfret* safe we brought  
 Our Prize, and Prisoners, though the foes in view,  
 Did even nigh to the Castle us pursue,

*Finis Libri Quinti.*



THE  
ENGLISH  
CIVIL VVARRS.

BOOK VI.

The Contents.

*New-Castle from the North, the Scots before  
Doth fly: York Siege: The fight at Marston-moor;  
New-Castle England leaves; a short review,  
Of all these Northern Sieges that insue.*

**B**Ehold of men a Concourse from all parts  
Of England: with arm'd hands divided hearts,  
Conjur'd of King and Parliament, the right  
To try by dint of sword, and Martiall might;  
And York-shire by the Fates design'd to bee,  
The Stage whereon, to act this Tragedy.

*New-Castle now deserts the Banks of Tine;  
And to the Scots those Quarters doth resign,  
His numerous Army almost ruin'd now,  
By means insensible; And who knows how?*

But

But that I may the noble General here,  
 From all suspicion of dis-loyal cleare  
 I dare ingage; that *Boreas* might take wing,  
 Sooner at *Nilus*-head: *Tygrus*-spring,  
 Sooner in *Itie* Island: than that he  
 Perfideous prove, unto his Majesty.

Whether then, fate conspir'd to aid the *Scot*  
 Or General *King* with *Lesley* did complor,  
 This gallant Army basely to betray,  
 And *Fabious* like to conquer by delay  
 Is still unknown, yet this is too too plain,  
 That *Lesley* did this victory onely gain,  
 By times procrastination, hunger, cold,  
 O how resolv'd! how numerous! and how bold  
 Upon our first advance our Armies were,  
 How few! how hunger-starv'd! surpriz'd with fear;  
 Now in Retreat, what thousands run away!  
 Or kill'd by hunger, cold, or base delay.

Neither the number nor the fortitude  
 Of *Lesley* and his *Scots*, our men subdu'd,  
 If that our army at our first advance  
 Against the *Scot*, had bravely try'd the chance  
 Of War: these Victors might have been captiv'd,  
 Our Northern Army had *York*-siege surviv'd,  
 The *Scots* like mercenary slaves most slain,  
 The rest sent with a vengeance home again.

But see! the *Scots* do march, this barbarous crew  
 Even to the walls of *York*, our men pursue.

Oxen,

Oxen, Sheep, Horses, all that's in their way,  
 To these rapacious Harpies proves a prey. (Spoons  
 Their Cans, their Pans, their Meale, their long-horn  
 Their raggs, their baggs, so load the lousy Louns,  
 Their Drums, their Guns, their Plundering in the  
 Their flower marches do so much delay, (way  
 That *York* hath for a siege, time to prepare,  
 And our now disper'd Troops united are.

*Ramsdale* from *Leeds*, doth lead his Regiment;  
 From *Knaishbrough*, and from *Pomfret* some are sent  
 And those too under *Belhouses* command,  
 That late at *Selby* did escapethe hand  
 Of *Fairfax*: come these broken parties all  
 Conveen'd at *York*: Our honoured General  
 Beckning his hand, our silence to request;  
 Thus to the Army his designs exprest?  
 ☞ Souldiers we cannot in the field withstand;  
 These Rebels that flock in on every hand?

'Tis not the *Scots* alone but *Fairfax* too,  
 With whom at present we must have to do;  
*Selby* is wonne, most of our Souldiers tane,  
 And what but *York* to Leagure doth remain.

*Manchesters* Army also now draws near,  
 All these combin'd are, to besiege us here.

Therefore in *York* these Foot I will secure,  
 Till from the King assistance wee procure,  
*Hulls* bloody siege in kind we will require, (fight  
 And with these walls, and guns we'l make them  
 With



With sallies bold their courage wee'll fore-stall,  
With thundring shot, their bodlies wound and gall.

May *York's* siege prove as sad, disastrous

To *Fairfax*, as his *Halls* hath done to us.

May all these *Blew-Caps* once before us flee,

As *Cæsars* men *Torguatus* did from thee.

*Langdale* shall with these *Troops* fly to the King

And such relief will shortly hither bring,

As shall these *Rebels* all then put to flight,

Or bravely vanquish if they dare to fight.

Within these walls, provision here's in store,

For half a years subsistence or for more,

These *Citizens* all Loyal, here secure,

Within these walls we may our selves immure.

Necessity admits no Law, we must

Now to these walls, souldiers, our selves intrust,

And though to be besieged be some grief,

Yet here's our joy, certainty of relief.

At this, the Horse now for the *South* design'd

March off: The Foot are unto *York* confin'd.

By this the pale Queen of the silent night

With her dark Mantle veiled had the light,

The Gates commanded are for to be shut,

And round upon the walls strong Guards are put.

☞ The first besiegers that discovered were,

Were the Scotch Armies, who next day appear

Rang'd in battailions great; Then *Desley* takes

*Bishop-Thorpe* for his Quarters, *Fairfax* makes

At *Forforth*, residence; *Manchester's* force  
Encampe at *Clifton*: Thus with foot and horse  
Of armed foes, under three Generals,  
Surrounded are *Tork*; now well manag'd walls.

But no assault this City for to take  
By violence did these besiegers make,  
Save *Manchester* alone; whose great design  
Was, these our City walls to undermine,  
Blow up, and enter; but his *Minors* skill  
Fail'd, with the execution of his will.

As stronger winds striving their force to vent,  
From Caverns under ground; furiously rent  
The Rocks, and make even mountains to give way  
And to their uncontrouled rage obey,  
Causing the Earth to gape and to devour  
Whole Cities, yea whole Islands; even such power  
This Mine now sprung had; for up to the sky,  
Earth, Walls, and Towers, and men on these do  
In a sulphurous globe; till down at length, (flye  
They fall, the Powder having lost its strength.

Then in the place you quickly might espy  
Those lofty walls, and Towers intomb'd to lye  
In their own ruines: heare a souldier's head,  
And there his leggs, or armes discovered.

But not the City, but the Manour-wall,  
By this sulphurous Powder-blast doth fall.  
At this, the Arm'd foes with great fury run,  
Up at the breaches, and doubtlesse had won

The

The City, but that here the inner wall,  
 Still standing firm, their expectations all  
 Deceiv'd : And here began a fierce Dispute,  
 Their error by repulse ours would refuse ;  
 And they by further violence maintain  
 Against our Sally-Ports ; till from the slain ;  
 The manour-Guard like to a great Land-flood  
 Did overflow with intermixed blood ;

Yet at the length the enemy was wors'd,  
 And from the breaches headlong re-inforc'd,  
 Where now on heaps, wounded, and dead they laid  
 And buryed in those graves their own Mines made.

But the besieged and the besiegers here  
 We leave a while; Prince *Rupert's* Troops draw  
*Worcester* and *Bridge-North*, now left in haste (near  
 And all those *Western* Counties now surpast.  
 His swifter Troops new Quarters do acquire,  
 In the adjoyning towns of *Lanca-shire*.

*Stopwash*, the Prince to stop did first design,  
 And therefore did their thick-set-hedges line  
 With numerous companies of Musketeriers ;

But *Washington* of these the coast soon clears,  
 Charging them in their flanks, making them flee  
 Into the Town, in whose pursuit even hee  
 Entred, putting some hundreds to the Sword,

*Liverpoole* to surrender doth accord.

And off from *Latham* the Besiegers run,  
 Hearing what *Rupert* had at *Stopwash* done.

Though



Though thus the Princ's numerous Troops af-  
The most-ye *Bolton* dare oppose his might. (fright  
In their more bold affront they dare assay  
His Quarters up to beat; and men to slay.

But to correct their prouder insolence,  
The Prince can with so much of time dispence  
To storm the Town, and cause them to lament;  
Thus to provoke a Princes discontent;  
For full three hundred Widdows here are left,  
Which were of husbands in this storm bereft.  
And not the Towns men only; here are slain,  
But hundreds more of souldiers, that maintain  
The town against us. All which town as prize  
The Prince unto his souldiers doch demize.

From hence to *Skipton*, *Rupert's* Army come,  
But by the way they *Thornton-Hall* had wonne,  
Which down unto the ground they burne with fire  
That Rebels thither may no more retire.

From hence to *York* the Prince's marches were  
Directed: But when the Besiegers hear  
His near approach, they raise their siege in haste,  
Leaving their Cabins, Huts, and Trenches waste;  
And their three Generals those their forces all,  
To *Randezvow* immediately do call,  
Where they consult, both where, and how to fight  
The Princes Army, marching off that night  
Towards *Long-Marston*, where a spacious Plain;  
From *Hessom*, or *Long-Marston* bearing name

Doth lye; in some places full thick beset,  
 With whin-bushes, and Marshes deep and wet.

Least these Disorder should their Horse, they take  
 A field well grown with Corn their camp to make.  
 The onely, and most advantagious ground,  
 That round about that spacious Moore was found.  
 Here they their murdering Cannons plant, and then  
 In order good Imbarraile do their men.

Of intermixed English-Scottish bands  
 Their main battallia stood; *Cromwel* commands,  
 And leads on these: On the left wing and side  
*Cromwel* with his *Manchestrian* Troopes doth ride.  
 The right wing was Sir *Thomas Fairfax* care,  
 To whom the Scottish troops conjoynd are,  
 Which *David Lesley* leads, the Generals find  
 A place, the main Battallions close behind (large,  
 To lodge their Tents: Thus these three Armies  
 Stand Marshal'd to expect the Prince's charge.

☞ By this, *New-Castle* a brave party had,  
 Of Foot, in white-Coats uniformly clad,  
 Led out from *Tork*, some Gentry, Volunteers,  
 Attend the General, and his Souldiers  
 Well mounted: we near *Popleton* do meet  
 The Prince's Army, and imbrace and greet  
 Our old acquaintance, (for the fates decree,  
 That these the last imbraces now shall be  
 Of thousands of us) *Onse* having o're past.

The Prince the Army marshal'd all in hast.

But some Commanders thought by wise delay  
 He might have furnish'd and made run away  
 Even without blood, the numerous enemy.  
*Pemfret, York, Knaishborough*, Garrisons had we  
 Environing the foe, which might have staid  
 Provisions from their Camp, and doubtlesse made  
 Them to remove, fresh Quarters to have sought,  
 And so for us a fair advantage wrought.

But *Rapers* purpose nothing can dissuade,  
 But even that night, their Campe, he will invade,  
 And to our disadvantage make them fight.

♣ *Goring* our left wing leads, *Byron* the right,  
 In the main battail do our white Coats stand  
 With others; the word's given, and straight com-  
 To fall on; Thus on our own Ruine bent, (mand  
 Our souldiers all courageously on went.

♣ With equal fury now both Armies meet,  
 And with their Cannon-Rhetorick loudly greet,  
 Bullets begin at distance the dispute,  
 Till their thick flights Sword Logick could refute.

The Horse Rang'd in battalia's proudly prance,  
 While fire oblickely through their eyes doth glance  
 From thundering Guns, like lightning from the sky  
 Whose fiery balls, thicker than hail-stones flye.

Shrill Trumpets sounding, with loud beating  
 Clashing of Armour, with great roaring guns (Dr-  
 attlein; of Pikes, Powl-Axes, naked Swords,  
 From different minds different effects affords.



These sights the Valorous more do animate,  
 But Cow-heart, timerous-courage, quite abate,  
 And if dismay should not diminish fear,  
 Such would fall dead before they wounded were.  
 The empty air is fill'd with dolorous crys,  
 The ground with bodies of the men that dyes.  
 Whole Ranks and Files by Cannon fiery balls  
 Asunder cut, upon the ground there falls.

Here without head, there without leggs or thighs  
 In blood, dismembred bodies wallowing lyes.

And that pale Death may potently fulfil  
 Her pleasure; she most barbarously doth kill  
 The Living, with those Limbs dasht off the Dead;

Here flies an Arm, there flies a souldiers head  
 Which strike their fellows down even to the ground  
 Thus friends by friends a way to kill. Death found.

The smaller shot clouded bright *Phabus* light,  
 Darkning the Ayre with their far thicker flight;  
 Whose whistling fury quickly did assaile  
 The strong'st brest-peecees, and best Coats of male  
 And through the strongest armour passage found,  
 To death, even brave Commanders for to wound.

But where no armour did their fury stay,  
 Though many bodies they inforce their way;  
 Lying then gasping on that bloody ground.

From the high Vallies and the Woods re-sound  
 The doleful echoes of their dying cryes,  
 But most of all the Sword doth Tyrannize

And glut it self with the expence of blood,  
Which now like to an over-spreading flood  
Ran under our Horse feet; for every sword  
By this time, had some breast or other goar'd,  
And issues made, by which their souls had left  
Their bodys, now of blood, and life bereft.  
These several streams of blood from several wounds  
Winding along those Vallies, lower grounds  
Thy lesser waters *Nid*, do multiply,  
Thy streams discolour with their crimson Dye,  
Thou into *Onse* dis-burthenest the same,  
Who swiftly down to *Tork* with tydings came,  
And to the Citizens did soon discry,  
In bloody colours, this dire tragedy.

But still most furiously both sides maintain  
The fight, though thousands on the ground lye slain.  
Here might you see a strong couragious Horse,  
Whose wounds add fury to his former force, (foes,  
(His livelesse Rider thrown) through friends through  
Through ranks, through files, make way; and where he  
Doth men by scores of their last breath deprive (goes  
Whose falls himself doth not so long survive,  
Till on the point of a well level'd Spear,  
To th' heart himself he runs in his carear;  
And falling with his heels about him lies,  
Till strength and blood expended, there he dies.

Here might you see a wounded Rider thrown,  
There others from their horse come tumbling down

Hang by the stirrops, dash against pikes and swords,  
 Thus fate to one, more deaths than one affords,  
 For with the fall the frolick horse afright,  
 Through thickest Ranks takes his enforced flight,  
 Tossing about his hanging Riders head,  
 Killing the living, often with the dead.

A timorous foot-man did himself immure,  
 Amongst dead corps, thinking to bee secure  
 From flying shot, where closely as he lay,  
 Some Troops of Horse design'd to charge that way,  
 Came praucing down the Moore, in full carrears,  
 Squeezing the blood, out of his nose, mouth, ears,  
 As he lay sprawling under their horse feet  
 Who flies from one, another death doth meet.

A Cannon bullet stroke off *Saudie's* head,  
 And with it hit poor *Wolley* who fell dead,  
 Crying alack! alack! I ever ken'd,  
*Sandie's* fauce head, would bring mee to my end.

A thick grown wood, unto the Moore stands near  
 Where many a blew-Cap hid himself for fear.

*Patrick* behind the bulk of a grown Tree.

Peep'd often out, the battaile for to see,  
 Thinking that if his party lost the day  
 To span his gates, for *Scotland* run away.

But as poor *Patrick* at bo-peep thus plaid,  
 A bullet shot at randome did invade  
 His fore-head naked; who falling, mercy cry'd  
 Alas! alas! for *Ginny*, and so dy'd.

When



When *Wolly* heard the smaller shot to play,  
In such thick whistling Vollicies, he away,  
Spanning his gates through Ranks, and Files, at last  
Presuming he all dangers had sur-past  
He stops to see, and hear, the fights event,  
A bullet from a Peece at randome sent,  
Hit *Wolly* where he stood devoid of fear,  
Under the long of his right side leav-ear,  
Who falling dead did never there intend  
Under a whin-bush thus to make his end.  
But thickest ranks of arm'd foes to assay,  
Is still more safe then thus to run away.

☞ The victory still was very dubious,  
Yet rather seem'd to smile, and fawn on us,  
For our left wing, had routed now their right,  
The *Scots* and the *Fairfaxians* put to flight.

All their three Generals now the field forsook,  
To *Bradford* ward *Lesley* his fleet betook,  
Whom wee pursue, his *Scots* now curse the time,  
That e're they cross the *Northern Tweed*, or *Tine*.  
Their raggs, meal-baggs, gull-pans, long-cans down  
They span their gates, and run away full fast. (cast  
In doleful accents, now the Louns do cry,  
Mercy and Quarter, O! how thick they lye  
Wounded and slain, how many Prisoners were,  
How many Colours taken ? in their Rear  
We follow still, thinking the day our own  
But *Goring* our Commander should have known,

That to pursue one party was not good;  
 Whilst any of the adverse Body stood;  
 If after we had put that wing to rout,  
 Against the other we had wheel'd about  
 And on the flank have charg'd them, sure we might  
 Victors have been; *Cromwel*'s men put to flight  
 And Routed, unto *Cannwood* sent them all,  
 After old *Fairfax* and their General.

But now when *Cromwel* (apt enough to take  
 Advantage) see our Horse the field forsake  
 Now rising, now pursuing such as fled  
 In their right wing, he presently up led  
 His Troops; to whom in brief he thus did say,

Assure your selves, brave souldiers of the day,  
 How stand these foot, and horse to us expos'd?  
 How easy are they all to be inclos'd?  
 How will they flye our Armed Troops before,  
 And for the rest that now have left the Moore  
 In pursute of our other wing they'l yeild  
 Or flye; when we are masters of the field.

If but one Troop of ours fall in their Rear,  
 They'l run, surpriz'd with unexpected fear;  
 Onely the time at present dorth require,  
 Your valour to demonstrate; you desire  
 The spoile of this rich field; Victors to be;  
 And from our wish, but one brave charge are we.

Our Generals all new off the field are gone,  
 The Victories glory will be ours alone.

And

And what the Prince and his brave Chivalry  
Possesse; after one Charge all ours shall be;  
Their Sumptors, and Port-Mantles, by and by  
We shall have time to search. Then furiously  
On *Byron's* wing they charge, routed, and broke  
Our bravest Regiments: Each bloody stroak  
That their Pole-Axes gave was present death;  
And thousands did deprive of their last breath;  
Scarce one of ours escap'd without a wound,  
But our vain stroaks and thrusts again re-bounded  
Off their Arm'd breasts and heads; The Prince doth  
And yeild the field to the proud enemy. (flye,

Now when the Prince's Horse thus routed were,  
A party wheel'd about, and in the Rear  
Charged on us; broke our disorder'd Horse,  
And from the pursute of the *Scots* inforce  
Us unto a base flight; Yet our brave Foot,  
Especially our white-Coats stood it out.

For though the foe on each side them surround  
They scorn to yeild; but drawing to a round  
On every side most stoutly do give fire,  
Forcing the conquering foe oft to retire,  
Till all their Ammunition's spent and gone,  
Our Horse all fled the field, they left alone  
Night drawing on, and many of them slain;  
No hopes at all the victory to obtain.  
Rather oppress'd by th'adverse multitude,  
Then by true valour conquer'd, th'are subdu'd;  
Taken,



Taken, kill'd, wounded, even most barbarously  
By the insulting desperate enemy. (cry'd

After their Arms down thrown, they Quarter  
Their armed Troopes amongst them fiercely ride,  
And put them to the Sword, in vain to live  
Most of them supplicate; *Cromwel* would give  
No quarter: Much delighting in that blood,  
That ran under his horse-feet like a flood.

Like as a ravenous Wolf greedy of prey,  
Is not content alone, to kill and slay  
So many of the flock as shall suffice  
His greedy Jaws; but even doth Tyrannize  
Over the sheep, and hundreds of them kill,  
To satiate his so natural-savage will.

So *Cromwel's* bloody mind not satisfy'd,  
With all that bloods expence of such as dy'd  
During the fight, and while we kept the field  
Murthers even Captives, after they did yeild,  
And to the mercy mercyleffe expose  
Themselves of such in humane savage foes.

The bloodiest field of all our Civil Wars  
Now foughten is; the furious Conquerers  
Our Cannons and our Carriages possesse:

Here *Cary*, *Slingsby*, *Prideaux* acquiesce  
Upon the bed of slaine; associates  
Are *Wentworth*, and stout *Gledal* in their Fates,  
Here *Lampton*, *Dietes*, *Metham*, *Kirton*, dye  
Hure, with *Fennick* these accompany.

But

But now the kind obscurity of night,  
Gave an advantage of far safer flight  
To *Rupert*, who (though with a fresh supply  
*Claveren* came up next day) yet will not try  
The chance of War again: but rather yeild  
What's lost, then hazard more, by a new field.

Nor were our hopes then altogether vain,  
If we next day had Rallied to re-gain  
The victory: even those of them that staid  
Upon the field, it would have much dismaid,  
To see us on the Moore again appear,  
Before their broken Troopes united were.

But *Rupert* flies, (though North-ward first he  
Up to the South, in minde much discontent; (went)  
That this great fight had such a sad effect.

What sure said he, it was not my neglect  
In Marshalling my men, no want of skill  
Or valour on my part, that to this ill,  
And fatal Rout, expos'd my souldiers;  
Only I was too forward as appears.  
Why did I Charge this night? or why not stay;  
Till *Claveren's* coming up? (though his delay  
His Armies service did this day prevent)  
Must I be rash, 'cause he was negligent.

Why did I not refresh my men before?  
I did attempt to march up to the Moore;  
Both Horse and Man our longer marches tyr'd,  
And of repose some longer time requir'd;

If we before we fought a while had stay'd,  
 Perhaps some fair advantage to our aid  
 Conspired had: Seldome the Powers Divine,  
 Do give successe unto a rash design. (possest

✠ This night strange thoughts *New-Castle's* head  
 At length in passion he these words exprest.  
 O! resolution strange of adverse Fate!

How am I thrown from a most prosperous state,  
 Into mis-fortunes nethermost abyss

Yet this the honour, of my sufferings is,  
 And that which seasons all my sorrows well,  
 That with, and for, my Sovereigns cause I fell.

Where shalt I fly? where shall I be secure?

Within what walls shall I my self immure?  
 Did forty thousand Souldiers once appear,  
 Under my Colours, did the Rebels fear

My numerous forces? and their Dreadful Powers?  
 Were all the Towns 'twixt *Trent* and *Tweed* then  
 Excepting *Hull*: And now behold! even I (ours

Where to secure my self, whether to flye  
 Am dubious: had I *Hulls* siege declin'd,  
 And to th' associate Countrys then design'd  
 My marches, sure our cause had gain'd thereby.

Or if the first time we the *Scots* did eye,  
 We had them fought, no doubt but then we might  
 Have put those ragged Ruffians all to flight.

But time, with fair advantages now past,  
 Are not to be recall'd: With this, in haste



He Posts to *Scarborough*, where both *King* and he  
The Seas do take; intent for *Germany*.

☛ *Gleman*, of *Tork* the government doth take,  
And for a Siege the best provision make  
That time would then admit; Scorning to yeild  
The City yet; though we had lost the field.

☛ By this, all their Three Generals that had fled  
The field: return'd, and up to *Tork* they led  
Their men: The City to besiege again.

Each General his old station did retain  
Having their Cannons planted, night and day,  
Most furiously against the walls they play;  
They vow, the work by storm for to effect,  
Nor age, nor sex, their Swords shall then respect.

But *Gleman* doth their prouder vaunts despise,  
Yet at the length Provision's scarcity  
Prevails; On terms they do capitulate,  
*Tork's* yielded; *Gleman* marcheth out in state  
And Martial gallantry: To *Carlisle* where  
We leave him for a while; The *Scots* appear  
By this before *New-Castle*, on the wall  
Make furious batteries, while their Miners fall  
To work, which work they to perfection bring,  
And trains now laid, their several Mines they spring

As great sulphurous globes of stone and fire,  
From *Aetna's* hideous Jaws the clouds aspire;  
Whence falling, all the neighbouring Vales they  
With Coals adust, the fire extinct, and dead (spread  
Even

Even so the trembling earth was heard to roar,  
 Which, with those walls, and Towers the Powder  
 Up with great violence, and lightly threw (rore  
 Into the ayre; here like a Comet flew  
 A souldiers head all on a flame, and there  
 Whole guards in those sad Ruines buryed were.  
 Up at the breaches flye the Scottish Foot,  
 Though the Defendants made resistance stout,  
 And bravely did from street, to street maintain  
 The fight; till numbers of both parts were slain,  
 And *Tines* augmented Tide discoloured,  
 With the great influx of the blood here shed.

Entred now were also the Scottish Horse,  
 Which *Marley* to the Castle doth inforce,  
 Upon the which, they forthwith Batteries make,  
 But good Conditions while they might pertake;  
 Surrender's made. Then did the *Scots* sit down  
*Carlile* before, boldly demand the Town,  
 Thinking perhaps the *New-Castilian* Fate,  
 The valiant *Gleman* could Disannimate.

At his Defiance furiously they play  
 Their battering shot, by Mining to asslay  
 To make their entrance, Ladders they provide;  
 But the Defendants bravely curbe their pride  
 By frequent sallies, killing multitudes,  
 Which the *Scots* high presumptions all excludes,  
 Of taking *Carlile* by arm'd violence.

Therefore most strongly they themselves intrench  
 Knowing

Knowing what force could not, that famine will  
 Effect. Provisions fail, Horses they kill  
 Within those walls; their Horses all up eat,  
 Dogs, Cats, old shoes, Mice, Rats, nay Froggs are  
 Yet *Gleman* e're to yeild he will consent, (meat.  
 To know the pleasure of the King had sent.

*Phillipson* bravely mounted through their guards  
 Had charg'd; and now rides post to *Oxford* wards,  
 At *Borrow-Bridge* some English Horse him rooke,  
 But a close friend by chance in that same Troope  
 Secur'd his Horse and Armes, till he could make  
 From *Tork*, which soon he did, his wish'd escape.

Near *Ferry-Bridge*, the place his friend assign'd,  
 (Thither now got on foot) he safe did find  
 His Horse and Armes; hence to the King he went,  
 To whom he *Gleman's* Letters did Present  
 In *Oxford*, whence he with the Kings reply  
 Return'd, and now to *Carlile* drawing nigh,  
 Quite through the Scottish Troopes he bravely rode.

But famine will not suffer their aboard  
 Longer within those walls, which to the Foes  
 Surrendred are: *Gleman* to *Oxford* goes,  
 With a small traine, lean, naked, hunger-pin'd  
 And the *Scoss* are, for *Hereford* design'd.

E're *Fairfax* was made Generalissimo,  
 A party strong he *Hemfley* led unto,  
 Where, while in League with his men he laid,  
 One from the wall so dexterously had play'd



A shot; that three inch lower had debar'd  
Him, from what victories he got afterward.

But he recovers, and the place doth take;  
Though *Skipponiers* it to relieve did make  
A brave attempt. *Scarborough* was battered sore;  
The greatest Tower whereof asunder tore;  
Half standing, half into the Sea down fell.

Upon the top there stood a Sentinel,  
Who in the renting, to the standing side  
Had leap'd, and sav'd his life. But to abide  
Longer within those walls, famine forbad  
And *Chamley* yeilds, what he possessed had.

Devoid of any grounded hopes of aid,  
*Scroop* of his *Bolton* had surrender made. (plaid

Not long on *Knaishborough* had their Cannons  
E're breaches wide in those old walls were made,  
Which *Craft* (though valiant) did necessitate  
Now to submit to a surrenderers Fate.

VVith Horse and Foot, *Pomfret* they do surround  
Some Towers whereof were battered to the ground  
And the Defendants much distress'd, when wee  
VVith a brave party, from the *South* do flee.

(*Langdale* commands in cheef) swifter then flame  
On the besiegers with our Troopes wee came  
After a short Dispute, few slain, we take  
Of Prisoners store, *Pomfret* releiv'd, we make  
A quick return: To *Melton-Mowberry* near,  
VVith *Rossiter* we skirmish'd had, and there

VVere

Were valiant *Girlington*, and *Gascoin* slain  
 As we came down. *Pomfret's* besieg'd again,  
 And though with frequent Sallies they assaile  
 The enemy, yet Famine doth prevaile,  
 Which *Lowder* doth on tearms to yeild compel.

The *Sandalliers* had plaid their parts full well;  
 And made the enemies full often feel,  
 Their swords were made of the best temper'd Steel.  
 Yet famine's leane *Pittard* enforc'd the Gates  
 A passage for the Foe, this perforates  
 To enter; and for the besieg'd away  
 To march: 'Gainst *Latham* the besiegers lay  
 A year, what Art, or Force, could do, to win  
 This House was done, but bravely those within  
 Not onely their own Interest did maintain,  
 But hundreds of the enemy had slain.

Resolv'd the gallant Countesse was to try  
 All straits, e're Rebels she will gratifie  
 By a surrender; but, alas! compel'd  
 To yeild what she so stoutly had with-held  
 By famine, this *Virago* noble is.

Though *Greenay* valiantly held out, e're this  
 Yeilded it was. Now *Skipton* they assay  
 Enter the Town, plunder, and bear away  
 What lighter then stone-walls in it they finde;  
 Batteries against the Castle were design'd,  
 Numerous Granadoes in the interim plaid;  
 When here the League had some few daies laid

K

From

From *Apleby* upon *Paroll* I came,  
 Having exactly first perform'd the same.  
 I to the Castle with a Trumpet went  
 Whom we return'd. Their Scouts stood eminent  
 On *Rumles-Moore*, from whence they might us  
 When any party we together drew. (view

Therefore some twenty in their sight do mount,  
 They take th' Alarm, and to their Guards account  
 Our motion; In the interim we drew out,  
 Three hundred undiscovered Horse and Foot,  
 Their Horse all mounted, our small party drew  
 Streight on our ambuscado: out we flew;  
 Their three divisions soon we put to rout.

*Briggs* had some parties to draw out of Foot  
 Whereof some slain, the rest we dissipate,  
 Take *Briggs* with many more. So fortunate  
 In such attempts, were the bold *Skipstons*;

Their gallantry, in these their acts appears,  
 In their own meadows, numerous Horse and Foot,  
 A party small of them did break and rout,  
 Tripleing their number with the Prisoners tame.

At *Ast-wick-Fair* how many had they slain,  
 Taken, and broke; their party very small;  
*Wren's* Regiment we beat at *Eshton-Hall*,  
 But with a hundred Horse, *Kighley's* designe  
 Was gallant, though alas! the love of Wine  
 In some Commanders, a miscarriage wrought  
 Fatal. But we to yeilding rearms are brought,

And



And hence, convey'd to Leichfield, march away  
 In Arms complete, and soldier-like array.

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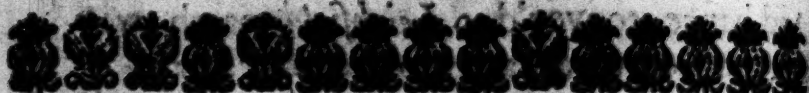
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# THE English CIVIL WARRS.

## BOOK VII.

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*The Model new, with some of Cromwels deeds :  
 Lidney Siege rais'd : Ludberry fight succeeds,  
 Taunton besieg'd : The King storms Leicester;  
 Naisby fight : Gorings forces routed are  
 At Lang-port : whats at several Sieges done ,  
 Ronton and Shearburn-fights : Westchester won  
 Kilsithe fight : Digby's rout on Carlisle Sands:  
 Forinton fight : Goring his men disbands.  
 Stow fight : Oxford besieg'd : The King doth make  
 Thence in disguise unto the Scots escape :  
 Hereford is surprized by a Plot:  
 Newark Siege: North the King goes with the Scot.*

**T**He Parliament now their Grandees recall  
 All from command: Young Fairfax Generall  
 Is made of England : By this Modell new ,  
 Many advantages to them accrew

Emulous

Emulous Lords now being laid away,  
Men of less note, will need the lesser pay,  
Spirits most active for the Cause they chuse,  
Of milder Zeal. Commanders they refuse  
As useles now: *Cromwell* for Eminence,  
Was now the M A N next to his excellence.

*Northampton's Horse*, with the *Queens Regiment*,  
At *Islip-bridge*, in Quarters resident  
*Cromwell* upon them comes, they fight, at length  
The Royalists ore-powered are in strength;  
*Cromwell* some hundreds of these Horse doth take  
With the *Queens Colours*: then pursuit doth make  
To *Blackington* after the rest that fled.

*Cromwell* demands the House; delivered  
By *Windebank* on terms it is next day,  
Both Horse and Arms they leave, and march away  
To *Oxford*: where a Martial Court decree,  
*Windebank* shall for this delivery  
Bee shot to Death: when too late to prevent  
This Collonels Death, the King doth it resent,  
Blaming Prince *Ruperts* too much urgency,  
In this young Gallants late Catastrophe;  
His Royal bounty doth the King express,  
(All hee could do) to his Relicts distress.

Near *Bampton-Bush*, *Vavisors* party lay,  
*Cromwell* his marches doth direct that way  
So privately, that hee surpriz'd them all,  
Numerous his Prisoners, and his prize not small.



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*Lidney* against *Massie* close Siege had laid,  
*Langdale* at length to the Defendants aid,  
 Came with a party brave, *Massie* off beat,  
 Many hee slew, and took, in this defeat.

To *Ludberry* *Rupert* with his Forces came,  
*Massie* before posselt was of the same,  
 But seeing *Rupert's* Horse so near drew out;  
 Whilst off for *Gloucester* hee sent his Foot,  
 Hee charged with his Horse: fierce the dispute,  
*Massie* at length doth fly, in the pursuit  
*Rupert* shot *Massie's* Horse, doubtless his aim  
 Was at himself, though short his bullets came;  
*Harlow* was tane, *Bacchus* laid on the ground,  
 Bleeding of his (now last) and mortal wound.  
 Numbers were kill'd, numbers of them were tane,  
 On *Rupert's* part, was noble *Haistings* slain.

¶ *Hopton* on *Tauntons* Seige had now design'd,  
*Greenwill* and *Goring* were with him combin'd;  
*Willington-House* by storm they late regain'd,  
 Many within put to the sword: maintain'd

This Siege was with much courage, and more art,  
 Nor wanted these on the Defendant's part,  
 Which *Blake* advanced unto such renown.

Many assaults were made against the Town,  
 Mounts high were rais'd, off which their Cannon  
*Fairfax* sends *Graves* at length unto their aid, (plaid  
 At his approach th' Assailants march away,  
*Tauntons* releiv'd, nor longer *Graves* would stay.

Th' Assailants soon renew the Siege again,  
Where to their work wee leave them to remain.

☞ *Massie* recruited, *Evesham* comes before,  
Demands the Town, *Legg* no such spirit bore  
To yeild at the first Summons, *Massie* then  
Commands the storm; with loss three times his men  
Were bravely bearen off; *Sevorn* grew red  
Soon with the influx of the blood here shed;  
But at the fourth assault, the Town they win,  
Many put to the Sword of those within.

☞ *Fairfax* and *Brown*, *Oxford* before sate down,  
But the Defendants all the Meadows drown,  
Sleight their out Ports, and all the Suburbs fire,  
*Cromwell* doth from the Kings pursuit retire.  
(For *Cromwell* had a while follow'd the King,  
But now recall'd) doth to the League bring  
His well-arm'd troops; while *Fairfax* veiw's the town  
And ore the Bowling-green rides up and down,  
A Cannon-bullet from the works doth fly,  
(Pity it mis'd) which wafts his head hard by,  
Which made his excellence in great fear,  
Once vaile his Beav'our to a Cavallier.

But now let's leave this League, and review  
The Kings transactions, who together drew  
A gallant Army, and *North-westward* went,  
The Siege at *Chester* for to raise intent.

*Brearton* his Siege draws at the Kings access,  
The King wheels East; to *Leicester* address

Wee make, demand the Town in vain, for they  
Within do entrance to their King deny.

At this, command is given to storm the Town,  
After our Guns wide breaches had beat down,  
(Though those within did make resistance stout)  
Resolutely wee enter, Horse and Foot.

Those enemies that yet survive do fly  
To th' Market-place, where their Artillery,  
With some fresh Companies of Horse and Foot  
Did stand, with these wee have a bloody bout;  
For full two hours and more they here maintain  
The fight, in fine the most of them were slain;

Here laid whole heaps of *Scottish* Voluntiers,  
These *Dalbin's* men by scores; ruddy appears  
The *Soure* with blood, the Channels did convey  
Out of those streets; here *Gray's* men slaughtered lay  
The Town was plundered, *Gray* and *Hacker* were  
Prisoners: Great was the prize was taken here.

☛ *Fairfax* hears of these actions of the King,  
Rises from *Oxford*, and doth *Northward* bring  
His Army: Orders unto *Cromwell* sent,  
(Who lately to the Isle of *Ely* went,  
From *Oxford* Siege) to march; *Naisby* fields are  
For the most fatal fight of this sad War  
Design'd the place: The King had got the wind,  
Which now stood *West*; to *Rupert* was assign'd,  
With *Morice* the right wing, *Langdale* did head  
The left; the King did the main Battail lead,

The



The right hand *Tertia Linsey* did command  
*Bards*, and stout *Lisse* the left; *Ashley* did stand  
With *Linsey*. *Skippon* now had Marhalled  
*Fairfax's* Army, *Skippon's* selfe up led  
The main *Battalia*, *Cromwell* the right wing,  
*Iveton* the left, *Pride*, *Rainsborough*, *Hammond* bring  
On the reserves; The Hill was their intent  
To get, which the King hastens to prevent.

The Signals given, the thundering Cannons play,  
Of smaller shot, thick flights obscure the day,  
That yale seem'd all in one united fire,  
Which in a Pile sulphurous did aspire  
The very clouds; the Aire shrill Trumpets wound,  
Clashing of Armour, the tumultuous sound  
Of different voices, reach th' *Olympick* Skye,  
Numbers of both parts, on the ground now lye  
Bleeding, the last of their, yet vital blood,  
Which now the field o'reflow'd like to a flood.

That Brook from *Welford* that doth downward  
Ran now more blood than water; proudly ride (glide  
The prauncing and curvetting Horse about.

*Rupert* by this, put their left wing to rout,  
Who like a swelling stream down fiercely bore,  
All opposition him that stood before.  
While *Rupert* follows the pursuit amain,  
As far as *Naisby*, numbers having slain  
Of their dispersed Troops: with slaughter Great,  
*Cromwell* with his, did our left wing defeat.

Our

Our Northern Troops too much enriched were  
At *Leicester*, to stand well to it here,  
If these of *Leicesters* prize less had thought,  
Perhaps much better here they would have fought.

Yet did stout *Langdale* here himself behave,  
Like to himself, making resistance brave,  
While either skill or courage might prevail.

Our Foot their main Battailians do assail  
Most boldly, putting most of them to rout,  
*Skippon* and *Ireton* wounded at this bout,  
The last our Prisoner too: *Cromwell* doth see  
Their Foot, back on their own Reserves to flee,  
Rides thither and doth re-inforce them on  
Joyning his Horse, mainly they press upon  
Our standing bodies; who assailed were  
At once, both in their Fronts, Flanks, and their Rear,  
For some indeed to admiration fought,  
Whilest others by their heels for safety sought.

Y<sup>e</sup> A *Cobler* from *North-hampton* lately came  
*Fairfax* to serve, but here hee got a lame,  
Having in his right Leg receiv'd a shot,  
Tush saith the *Cobler*, Sirs I value't not,  
For tuning from my work, my Wife mee beat,  
Now shall I sit much closer to my Seat.

As *Mars* himself against the Giants fought  
On *Phlegra's Plains*, when Heaven to scale they  
So active was the King in this same fight, (thought;  
Giving his Souldiers of *Herwick* might,

A still to bee admired president  
 Sometime ingag'd, numbers his own hand sent  
 To *Erebus*; sometimes hee did recall,  
 And rally such as fled; a Generall  
 Hee shew'd himself, both valorous and expert,  
 Acting *Ulysses* and *Achilles* part.

His words the Timorous much did animate,  
 His acts the Valorous strove to imitate,  
 Such as did run, hee did implore to stand,  
 To every wing hee Rode and gave command,  
 For what to our advantage might conduce.

For Cowardise who now could plead excuse?  
 Seeing their Sovereign King thus to ingage,  
 In the most sharpe Encounters, Fury, Rage,  
 Tumult, Disorder every place doth fill,  
 Sirrah, the Sword! and then no more but kill,  
 Pistol, strike down, here heaps of men do lye,  
 With Horses intermixt; here some do flye,  
 Others pursue; here lay a Leg, or Head,  
 And there an Arm, under our Horse feet Dead  
 Many were trod, nor could wee understand  
 Whom to obey, to whom to give Command,  
 Such the confusion; thick our Pistols flye  
 At one another; all the Ground doth lye  
 Bespread with these; Pole-axes cleave Men down,  
 Which oft left fix'd are in the patients Crown.

From covered Armour our charg'd Tucks rebound,  
 And in the Glance oft times do kill or wound

That



That party whom against wee did not aim.

By this the sword might sole dominion claim  
Over the field, with this alone wee plead,  
Till many a Gallant on the field lay Dead :

*Brown, Dallison, Cave, Band and Markam* slain,  
*Linsey*, and *Ashley* wounded, now 'tis vain  
Ours to intreat to stand. They round beset  
Most of our Foot, the Coach, the Cabiner,  
The Royal Standard of his Majesty  
Are taken ; all our great Artillery,

Ten thousand Arms, well nigh five thousand men ;

To *Leicester*-ward now wee flye, but when  
His Majesty came there, hee would not stay,  
But even that night for *Litchfield* rode away.

*Cromwell* pursues, takes many, then beset  
*Leicester*, till his Excellence could get  
Up with the Foot ; which on in haste they bring,  
Thinking perhaps, here to have tane the King.

The town they Summon ; their demands deni'd,  
They vow to storm it, and forthwith provide  
The Onset for : Mounts rais'd, Batteries they make.

But *Haistings*, while as yet hee might partake  
The Benefit of good conditions. yeilds.

Many successful Skirmishes, and fields.

About this time, fall to the Parliament :

*Gell* towards *Newark* late a party sent,

Which met a Troop from thence, they fought, and

The Royalists; *Milton* a great defeat

(beat  
Near

Near *Shrewsbury*, had given to some of ours ;

*Brearton* near *Chester* also now o're powers

A party, near two hundred Prisoners took ;

*Hingham's* now yeilded, but a while let's took ;

To *Fairfax* who march'd *Taunton's* siege to raise.

*Goring* draws off to *Lang-port*, there Displaies

His Army ; *Massy* first charg'd in his Rear,

Ere the *Fairfaxians* Troops advanced were

Up to the field : neither could vaunt success

In this contest, *Fairfax* comes, doth possesse

Himself of *Sutton* fields, where upon fight

Of *Goring* hee draws up, intent to fight.

*Goring* presaging that hee might bee beat,

In the best order, for his safe retreat

Unto *Bridge-Water*, did his men dispose.

Many strong Hedges did those Lanes inclose,

VVhich with his Muskeriers hee lin'd, then stood

His Cannon, and his Horse in order good

Rang'd in the Lane: *Fairfax* by this drew nigh,

Though at some distance thick the Bullets flye,

And many a Man lay Dead upon the plain.

But *Goring's* Foot at length they do constrain,

Quite from their post, *Beibell* then charg'd the Horse

VVho with a vengeance did him re-inforce

VVith loss ; till *Desborough* his reserve came on,

And pressing sore the Royal Horse upon

Put them to rout ; *Goring* did what hee could,

To bring the most of his safe to his hold,

Odd

Odd of a thousand on both parts were slain,  
 Some Cannon *Goring* lost, many were rane  
 Of his: The rest, *Fairfax* again pursues  
 Up to *Bridge-water*: first the Town he views,  
 Then sends his summons in, to yeeld on sight  
 (As *Burroughs* now had done) or else that night  
 He vows to storm the Town, put all to sword,  
*Goring* is gone; *Digby* returns him word  
 To do his worst: But *Fairfax* makes a pause,  
 Till *Peters* Preach'd the justnesse of the cause,  
 And till his men received had their pay.

And then with fire and sword he did assay  
 The Town; The storme was furious, many slain  
 But in the end the low Town they re-gain.  
 And *Fairfax* Colours on the works display,  
 To grace those bloody Tryumphs of that day.  
 Out of the high Town, the Defendants power  
 Upon their heads, a most stupendious shower  
 Of great Granado's, which the low Town fire  
 About their ears; *Fairfax* doth much admire  
 Their Courage, for a second storm prepares.  
 Yet more for's own security than theirs,  
 Offers conditions; which refus'd, they rear  
 Their Ladders; and go on, but bravely were  
 Repus'd, with th' effusion of much blood;  
 On heaps they lye now dead, their Ladders stood  
 Forsaken; and the Trenches round were fill'd  
 Now with the Arms and bodies of their kill'd.

*Fairfax*



*Fairfax* thus bear, his thoughts doth soon Reflect  
Upon a new design, which took effect,

Numbers of Iron Bullets straight they make,  
Which shot red hot, straw, Hay, and Houses take  
A sudden fire, the Town's all on a flame.

*Eliot* to treat for the Defendants came,  
But *Fairfax* all his offers now refus'd,  
Telling him they his patience had abus'd,  
And that indeed he'l put them all to sword,  
Or burn them there: Yet doth recall his word,  
And grant them with their lives to march away. (lay

Thus of that Town to ground burn'd both parts  
No house or harbour the poor Townsmen had,  
Of Civil wars a spectacle most sad.

Hence unto *Bath*, *Fairfax* directs his way,  
*Rich* with his Forelorne did the Town assay,  
Gaining some out-works, e're the General came.

But on these rearms *Bridges* doth yeild the same;  
That he and his, in war-like posture should,  
To *Bristol* march; To *Shearburn* that strong hold.  
Next *Fairfax* came, of which being deny'd  
His Mines, and Batteries, for a while he ply'd;  
Vaine were his Mines, his Batteries do prevaile,  
Making wide breaches, on they go, and scale  
In furious wise; The Cannons while they plaid  
Had the Defendants not so much dismay'd.

But *Dives* bids them fight, and lets them know,  
In valour, their security all now

Consisted

Consisted : But the enemies on presse ,  
 On every side the Castle they distresse ;  
 Those walls not able longer them to shield ;  
 They beat a Parley, and on tearms do yeild.

¶ *Bristol* before, the General next fate down ;  
 Boldly of *Rupert* doth demand the Town ;

Yete're the summons, *Rupert* sallied out ,  
 And from the fired Suburbs beat their Foot ?

But on again they come, the works down tear  
 With thundering shot, the Moats all filled were  
 With Faggots, then they force their bloody way  
 Up Ladders; and in spite of fate Display  
 Their Colours on those works, from whence they  
 The Royalists : *Rupert* makes his retreat (beat  
 Into the Castle; but thus yeilds next day,  
 That Souldier-like he march with his away.

¶ Next the *Fairfaxians* before *Dartmouth* came  
 To whom when *Pollard* had deny'd the same ,  
 Incourag'd with successes, on they go,

What walls or works can keep out such a foe ?

*Hammonds* Brigade first enter on the *West*

The Gate-House, with mount *Flagon* soon posselt,  
 Forward they go : *Pride* had like prosperous Fate,  
 Having now entred at the *Northern Gate*.

Through every street they force their bloody way ,  
*Kingsworth* alone, as yet did hold them play .

But as of blood they had been Prodigal ,  
 Or scorn'd their lives, most furiously they all

With

With mounted Ladders this strong Fort assay.

Twelve murthering Guns at once upon them play  
And numerous Volleys of dead wounding shot,

But mounts they'l raise of corps; rather then not  
Now conquer : But all the Defendants tyr'd  
With killing, these Conditions yet acquir'd,  
Unto the Castle safe to march away.

Which Castle fiercely they assail next day,  
The storme so bloody the Defendants crave,  
Their lives and liberties alone to have;  
Which *Fairfax* Nobly grants. And marcheth hence  
To *Exeter* : where wee his excellence  
Shall leave a while, *Cromwel* and he now were  
Parted; two Suns could not shine in one Sphere.

On the *Devises Cromwel* first Designs,  
The Governour his offers all declines,  
Which made him on a desperate battery fall  
After a while down tumbling comes the wall;  
And the Defendants a surrender make.

To *Winchester Cromwel* doth then betake  
Himself, the Gates against him there are bar'd  
To which his men affixing a Pittard  
With other combustibles, burn them down,  
And in despite make entrance on the Town.

The Castle, which to, the Defendants fled,  
Is to some purpose by him battered,  
That the within besieg'd, for tearms do sue,  
Which granted : Unto *Basing Cromwel* drew



His great Artillery, Batteries soon they make,  
And then the House to storm they undertake.

Had all been *Cromwells*, had all thought upon  
A Crown, as he, sure not more fiercely on (out  
They could have gone: That house that had stood  
Both many a siege and many a bloody bout,  
By force they enter; The Defendants crave  
Quarter alone, which *Cromwel* nobly gave.  
But who the prize can value taken here,  
Let's leav't to *Cromwell*, for we must: And hear  
A while the exploits of the Scots. By this  
Near *Hereford* arriv'd, *Cannon-Froom* is  
The place, which first to storme they do accord  
Which they perform, putting the most to sword  
Within that house; to *Hereford* next came  
*Leaven* with all his Mercenary traine. (wall

Their lines they draw, Mounts raise, batter the  
With thundering shot, imploy their Miners all  
Under the ground, of Ladders store provide;

Yet by all this, not one whit terrify'd  
Are the Defendants. Mines they counter-mine,  
Their battered walls, with earth they counter-line:  
On the Besiegers often sallying out,  
Many they kill; oft put whole Guards to rout.  
But when the Louns heard how the King drew near  
They quit their siege and North-ward march for fear.  
*Hereford*-shire of these Scotch guests may rue,  
Their curses even to this day them pursue.

The

✠ The King this while imbodyed had of Horse,  
 With some Dragoons, no Despicable force;  
 And late to *Worcester* advancing near,  
 Even at his name, the *Scots* had fled for fear  
 From *Hereford*: From hence the King went East,  
 And here and there some enemies suppress.

At *Huntington* arriv'd, the Town he won,  
 Some put to sword at entrance, then we come  
 By *Cambridge*; and so unto *Oxford* went.

After a while the King is fully bent  
*West-Chester's* siege to raise; thither we go,  
 Skirted still in our marches by the foe.

At length on *Romson-Heath*, *West-Chester* near  
 Arriv'd we make a halt; *Pointz* doth appear,  
 After a while, and boldly doth assail,  
 Our now imbattail'd Horse: who shall prevail  
 Is dubious for a while. Hot the dispute,  
 At length they flye, we follow, in pursure  
 Many are tane and kill'd; but in our Rear,  
*Louchian* and *Jones* do suddenly appear,  
 With a fresh parry, both of Horse and Foot  
 Drawn from the siege; *Pointz* Rallies, wheels about  
 As soon as e're their signal Cannons play.

Our Front and Rear at once they do assay  
 With a fierce charge; Ours did what men could do  
 But in conclusion with the numerous foe  
 O're press'd, we fly: many of ours they kill  
 And numbers take, Churches with these they fill.

Where Hunger-starv'd they keep them to repent,  
And grow Religious (as the Parliament.)

The King with hundreds more from this sad fight  
Arriv'd at *Chester*, where we lodge that night.  
Then into *Wales* again take our recourse.

After a while some two Brigades of Horse  
Conveen'd we had, near *Welbeck* we divide  
Our forces. Part do with the King reside,  
And part march *North* with *Digby*; our design  
Was Forces with *Montrosse* for to combine,  
Who at *Killicke* in *Scotland* lately beat  
The Covenanters, with a grand Defeat.

Forward we go, passe *Perry-Bridge*, and then  
At *Shearburn* are oppos'd by Collonel *Wren*,  
Whose Regiment of Horse, we put to rout  
Surprizing there too, nigh a thousand Foot  
With all their arms, many we put to sword.

'Twas but small rest our Quarters did afford;  
For while our men parting their prizes were,  
Many fresh bodies of their Horse appear,  
Whom *Copley* did command: straight out we drew  
With courage great on one another flew;  
*Sharpe* was the charge, *Copley's* own Regiment  
Had cause indeed this meeting to repent.

Routed to purpose, many of them dyes;

But in conclusion, with their fresh supplies  
O're-powr'd we are; turning our backs, we fled  
Our Prisoners and our prize relinquished.



Three hundred Horse, *Digby's* Coach, *Letters*, *Cook*  
A Countesse, with five Collonells here they took.  
*Carnaby*, and Sir *Richard Hutton* slain.

To *Skipton* ward we fly, when we attain  
That *Garrison*, we find them there in fight,  
Near to the Town, our presence did affright  
The enemy; making them run; before  
Who were well nigh victorious; full a score  
Of them we took and slew: *Digby* goes on,  
(After some rest) but *Browne* fell him upon  
On *Carlisle* Sands, and put his men to rout,  
Many were tane, some slain too, at this bout.

To *Workington* *Digby* and *Langdale* post,  
Whence to the Isle of *Man* the Seas they crost.  
And thence for *Ireland* do their voyage take.  
¶ *Newark* about, the King this while did make  
His residence, where to his discontent,  
Amongst his Officers most eminent  
A sad Discention fell, resolves they make,  
Their King in's greatest need for to forsake.

But hence the King (sadden'd at this in heart)  
With some few Horse for *Oxford* did depart,  
Whom *Pointz* met by the way, they joyne in fight,  
The Royalists o'repower'd are put to flight,  
And forc't to ride for't now to save their lives.

But while the King at *Oxford* safe arrives  
In person, *Pointz* before *Belvoir* displaies  
His Troops, with Sword and Pistoll, then assaies

The place to storm, first the out works they win  
 The Barns and Stables; putting all within  
 Unto the Sword; but dear his victory cost,  
 For many of his Troopers here he lost.

When some months more the Castle out had held  
 Provision's failing, *Lucas* was compel'd  
 To yeild: His rearms in souldier-like array,  
 That he with his for *Leichfield* march away.

☞ We left *West-Chester* by her foes oppress'd,  
 Who now the suburbs had by storm possess'd,  
 Their Mines and Batteries strenuously they ply'd.

Nor yet impunely did their men recide,  
 Before the Town, oft *Byron* wonderous stout,  
 With execution on them sallied out.

Many attempts of fatal consequence  
 Unto the King, the siege to raise from hence  
 Were made: the first design unfortunate,  
 Was by the King to *Roughton* Heath of late.  
 Then *Vaghan* with at least two thousand went  
 This siege to raise: *Miston* and *Jones* are sent  
 Against him, near to *Denby* both parts met;  
 In a like Order both their battels set,  
 With equal fury charge: Many there dye,  
 But in the end the Royalists do fly,  
 Losing, at least, a thousand of their men.

Dayes had not passed above nine or ten,  
 Ere noble *Aston* in the enterprize,  
 Was met near *Sturbridge*, in this fight there dyes  
 Many


Many of both parts; for both stoutly fought,  
But at the length safety, alas! was sought,  
By flight on *Asher's* side, wounded was hee,  
And Prisoner to th' insulting Enemy.

From *Litchfield, Worcester, Ludley, Bridge-north*,  
Then the Lord *Ashley* draws some Forces forth;  
To *Chester*-ward wee match, but our design.  
Was with some *Irish* Forces to combine;  
Which Combination *Mitten* did prevent,  
So, nought effected, back again wee went.

Now of releif all expectations void,  
Many within for want of Food Destroy'd:  
The City suffering under miseries great,  
On tearms of yeilding, *Byron's* forc'd to treat.

Though *Brearton* had the Town now at his will,  
What tearms hee grants, hee nobly did fulfill,  
A shame to those who often falsifi'd  
Those Articles, they had pre-ratifi'd.  
The *Herefordians* Warrants did direct  
Into the Country, unto this effect,  
To bring in men, their Frost-congealed Moats  
To break; *Morgan* this hears, in rustick Coats  
Suborns a party: Thither doth them send,  
Rusticks to bee themselves they do pretend,  
And fall to work, long ere the break of Day,  
At length the Guard, these for admittance pray,  
Pretending they store of Tobacco had,  
The Guard admits them ( of the news full glad )



But being in they fall upon the Guard,  
 Their Ambuscado's near, their Signal heard,  
 ( For *Birch* did with some Fire-locks lurke hard by,  
 And *Morgan* with a thousand Horse ) these fly  
 O're the Draw-bridge, which now they found let  
 And in an instant do surprize the Town. (down,  
 *Fairfax* wee left for *Exeter* intent,  
 ( For to this Siege both hee and *Cromwel* went )  
*Pouth-rain* to them surrendred is: and then  
 On Boats of *Bridges*, over *Ex* their men  
 They march; inclose the City on each side,  
 To *Waller* then this siege they do confide,  
 And march themselves for *Cornwall*; by the way  
 At *Torrington*, *Hopton* and *Digby* lay:  
 At sight of the *Fairfaxians* they Draw out,  
 Charge, put the Rebels Forlorn unto Rout,  
 But on their Army comes, *Hopton* is beat,  
 Who through the Town, doth with some loss retreat.  
 The Enemy pursue, the Town they take,  
 Then to the Church ( not for Devotion sake )  
 They haste, for there was *Hoptons* Magazin,  
 But by a train ( many of them within )  
 Of Powder, eighty Barrels fired were.  
 This blast the Timber, and the lead did tear  
 Off from the Church; and for their Men made way,  
*Elijah*-like ( as *Peters* then did say )  
 In this same fiery Chariot, Heaven to mount,  
 But surely *Peters* ly'd on this account,

For in a sin-like Witch-craft, they were slain,  
 Their mangled bodies tumbling down again.

But while this Dreadful Stratagem doth take,  
 A furious charge *Hopton* and *Digby* make,  
 Upon the fear-surprized Enemies,  
 Many of whom in this confusion Dies;  
 And then for *Cornwall* do their party lead,  
*Hopton* i'th Thigh, *Digby* shot in the Head.  
*Fairfax* pursues, to *Lamiston* come near,  
*Basset* did quit the Town; the Prince doth hear  
 These tidings, and *Pendennis* doth forsake,  
 Then to the Isle of *Scylly* him betake.

*Capel*, *Culpepper*, *Hide* attend his Grace,  
 With many more Commanders: In this space  
*Goring* that did that Army left command,  
 On *Fairfax* Summons, yeilds for to Disband  
 Upon some rearms: Himself the Seas then cross,  
 Thus the whole *West* to the *Fairfaxians* lost.

In Triumph they return to *Exeter*,  
 With thundering Vollies welcom'd here they are,  
 And straight this Summons unto *Berkley* sent,  
 To yeild what hee commands incontinent,  
 Or to expect nothing but fire and sword.

Hopes of releif all void, hee doth accord  
 To treat, and then upon some rearms doth yeild.  
 From several holds *Ashley* had Drawn to field,  
 About three thousand gallant Horse and Foot,  
 With these from *Litchfield*, by *Bridge-north* about

To

To *Worcester* wee came ; a Seige hard by  
 Wee rail'd ; into a Church some Rebels fly,  
 Leaving some Cannons which wee soon possist.

The Church wee enter, earnestly request  
 Those in the Steeple, Quarter for to take ,  
 But they refusing, under them wee make  
 A mighty fire, and leave them there to burn,  
 Or break their necks: to *Bramward* wee return,  
 And so do march about, but our Design,  
 Was with some Horse, our selves for to combine  
 At *Farrington*, and so an Army make ,  
 At length our marches thither-ward wee take.

☛ *Morgan* and *Brearton* follow in our Rear,  
 Whom for to fight, at *Stow* inforc'd wee were;  
 For having Skimmish'd with them there that night,  
 When the swift houres induce the morning light,  
 Of Horse and Foot their Bodies wee Discry.

Our General said, Souldiers, let's nobly Dye  
 Or Conquer now, 'tis base to turn, and fly,  
 This will bring shame, or else Captivity,  
 The other fame: the Kings condition's low,  
 To raise it, let's our hands and lives bestow.

Suppose his Majesty stood you before,  
 And did your utmost courage now implore;  
 Suppose, as Forlorn Prisoners now of War  
 Led all wee were, by the proud Conquerer  
 To nasty Gaols; there scorn'd and Hunger starv'd,  
 And might from all these miseries bee preserv'd

By



By Valour : nay, suppose they should Decree,  
That wee should hang'd bee for our Loyalty ;  
( For they of Loyalty can Treason make,  
If wee bee vanquish'd ) rather courage take,  
And these by a more noble Death prevent.

This said, with resolution on wee went,  
As scorning wounds and death ; up to the face  
Of th' Enemy : Pistols are fir'd a pace,  
Some of their Bodies soon wee put to rout.

Nor with less Gallantry on went our Foot,  
Levelling their thick-vollied shot so well,  
That numbers of the Enemy there fell.

Indeed both Horse and Foot had here exprest  
Such bravery, as the Enemy confest,  
Their number, not their Valour won the Day.

*Lucas* did here, there *Vaughan* did assay  
Fresh parties : while that these wee Dissipate,  
*Hydra*-like shee new Heads repullulate.

At length our Foot the Enemy surround,  
Our Horse ore-power'd inforc'd are to give ground,  
And after to inlarge to open flight,  
Some fifteen hundred tane were in this fight,  
'Mongst whom our General, who aloud did say,  
Your work's now done, put up your swords & play,  
For now no Army had the King on field.

*Dennington* to the Foe, stout *Bloys* doth yeild  
This while : *Barnstable* also they possesse,  
*Ruiben*, and *Woodstock* too : Now from the West

Comes

Comes *Fairfax*, before *Oxford* doth sit down,  
Which hitherro block'd up had been by *Brown*.

To take the King *Fairfax* did think to have  
The Glory: but the King doth him deceive,  
Who in disguise, *Oxford*, alas! forlook,  
And to the *Scots* at *Newark* Siege betook  
Himself: the *Scots* having receiv'd the King,  
From *Newark* rise, him to *New-Castle* bring.

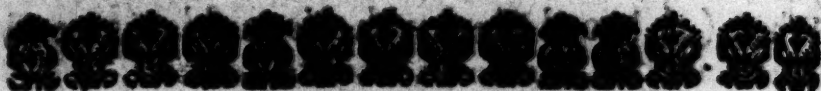
Five months 'gainst *Newark* had the siege now  
Fiercely the Town oft times had been assai'd; (laid,  
*Sand-fort* the *Scots* had now some time possess'd,  
Th' *English* and they in their attempts, contest  
Who should most active bee; *Granado's* store  
Shot on the Town; their thundering Cannons roar  
Against the Castle, Houses down are burn'd,  
*Simite* and *Trent* are from their Channels turn'd,  
And nothing unattempted for to win  
The Town: No whit less active, those within  
Make many sallies bold upon the Foe.

The Quarters of the *Scots* sometimes into  
They fall, with fire and sword: sometimes they try  
*Rossiter*, *Pointz*, or *Copley's* Gallantry,  
At every sally slain are more or less,  
Each enterprize was Crowned with success,  
On the Defendants part: but Fatal still  
Th' Assailants to, his Majesty doth will  
*Bellas* to yeild: And Terms concluded are,  
Then to the *North* the King and *Scots* repair,  
Where

Where ( ah ! good King ) with this perfidious crew,  
Wee leave him, *Southern* actions to review.

*Finis Libri Septimi.*





# THE ENGLISH CIVIL VVARRS.

## BOOK VIII.

### The Contents.

*The Royal Garisons distress'd much are,  
The Scots the King do sell: The second Warr.  
Horton doth Poyer, and Lang-horn both defeat,  
The London and the Retrait Forer beat.  
Barwick and Carlisle, Langdale doth surprize:  
Duke Hamilton's succesless enterprize.  
The Kirk, late Cromwels Foes, with him now side.  
Colchester tane: Cromwels curs'd Regicide.*

**W**Ee that from Stow (routed of late) had fled,  
In diverse Holds are now beleagured,  
With Sieges close the Enemies distress,  
Even all those Garrisons that wee possesse.  
Dudley against Brearton a while had laid,  
Many Granado's on the Castle plaid:

Of mines and batteries too, use hee did make,  
When none of these, nor yet them all would take;  
*Levison* doubting of releif doth yeild.

✠ Nor yet our hopes on no grounds did we build,  
Wee did presume that the Kings presence might,  
The *Scots* into an understanding right,  
Of these late bloody differences induce.

Wee did presume the *Irish* might take Truce  
With one another, and their Forces bring  
*England* into, for to assist the King.

Some hopes wee had too of Domestick Jarrs;  
'Twixt Independents, and the Presbyters:

But all our hopes and expectations fail'd,  
With fire and sword the Enemy assail'd  
*Bridg-north* this while, nor one house i'th high town,  
(Except in rocks) but burned were all down.

The town (or rather now no town) thus won,  
The least part of their work they had not done;  
For from the Castle oft wee sallied out,  
One Colour rook, and put whole Guards to rout.

Scarce Pistol shot a barn stood from the wall,  
In which a Guard they kept, on this wee fall,  
Kill some, beat out the rest, and then return,  
But first the Barn down to the ground wee burn.

The Church th' Assailants made their Magazin  
For Powder, while Alarm'd they pressed in:  
A spark that from a lighted match did fly,  
Their Powder fir'd, which sacralegiously

Rent

Rent off the Church the timber and the Lead. (dead  
 Some scores blown blind, some scores stricken quite  
 Here of their men: those that had burn'd the Town  
 Burn'd were i'th Church, and to the clouds up blown  
 Like fiery meteors down their bodies came,  
 Their cloaths and hair all in a smoaking flame.

Five hundred of their battering shot each day  
 Fiercely against our walls th' Assailants play;  
 Of great Granado's too, full many a flight  
 They sent into these walls, us to afright;  
 And in those Rocks, their miners did imploy  
 Us in a blast, Sulphureous, to destroy,  
 As many of themselves i'th Church late were:

But our Provisions to an end grow near,  
 On tearms wee yeild, which tearms they falsifi'd,  
 Those march on foot, who promise had to ride;  
 No Martial Law th' insulting Foes regard,  
 Of recompence they think us quite debar'd.

Hence to the *Scots* many of us repair,  
 Who gave us words, made promises full fair,  
 But their performances, their mindes discry'd,  
 'Tis bad to trust such as wee have not try'd;  
 This wee may say, their dealing was with us;  
 Their words full fair, their acts perfideous.

Though many a furious Battery, Bloody bout,  
 Courageously *Banberry* had stood out  
 Her Foes, and famine now grow prevalent,  
 Needs must shee yeild, though much shee it resent.

The



The Valiant *Byron* was again immur'd  
 Within *Carnarvan*, where hee had indur'd  
 A Siege most sharpe: by batteries, storm, and mine  
 To win the place, the Enemies design:  
 But the Defendants answered each attempt,  
 With so much gallantry, as did exempt  
 All hopes the place to gain by violence.

But now provisions fail, who can dispence  
 With famine? thus stone-walls will penetrate,  
 This lean *Pittard* will break the strongest Gate,  
 And make the stoutest Champion condescend  
 To terms; His Trumpet out doth *Byron* send,  
 With some proposals of delivery,  
 Then to surrender next day doth agree.

Close siege to *Worcester* this while was laid,  
 But *Washington* despairing now of aid;  
 And for to yeild having the Kings command,  
 Not able long the Foe for to withstand,  
 Begins on terms for to Capitulate,  
 Then yeilds: even *Oxford* falls under the fate,  
 Of all the rest of the Kings Garrisons.

Here *Fairfax* self with all his *Mirmidons*,  
 Had laid some months, and done what in them laid  
 The place to force; But tries most furious made,  
 And many desperate bold attempts to scale,  
 Nor could their Mines, & great *Granad's* prevail.

Never was place with greater Gallantry  
 Defended, nor assail'd; The Enemy

M

Thought

Thought it more Honour, *Oxford* to regain  
 By storm, than all those Holds they yet had tane;  
 These undertakings great, they did reveiw,  
 Accomplish'd late; how o're the Works they flew  
 At *Bristol*, *Basing*, *Dart-mouth*, and else where,  
 And shall their fury bee resisted here? (mand?  
 What, shall this Town nor yeild when they com-  
 Shall this 'twixt them, & their grand triumph stand?  
 Nay, *Cromwel* knew it was the onely Town,  
 That interpos'd betwixt him and a Crown.

Rather than *Oxford* shall their hopes defer,  
 Rather than *Gleman* shall protract the War,  
 As many *Pioneers* they swear they'l bring,  
 As *Oxford* all shall into *Isis* fling  
 With Spades: the City all to fire they vow,  
 Man, Woman, Childe, to put the sword unto,  
 And e're of sudden Conquest they will fail,  
 On one anothers shouldiers, mount and scale.

Not their attempts (though bold) much less their  
 The valiant and resolved *Gleman* dants, (vants,  
 Not only *Oxford* bravely hee Defends,  
 But often sallying out, some hundreds sends  
 Of these insulting Foes to *Erebus*.

The Muses proud to *Mars* propitious,  
 For Schollars now turn'd Souldiers stoutly fought,  
 And more by swords, then words, for honour sought,  
 The Gown indeed did love the Royal cause,  
 Consisting with Religion and the Laws,

Which

Which life and limb they venter'd to maintain  
Most bravely; what, *Oxford* by storm bee tane?  
They vow they'l rather on the works all dye,  
*Gleman* doth therefore all their powers defie.  
If *Oxford* yeild, hee must; conditions good  
Hee'l have, or with the town resign his blood.

Shall the Kings Fort, *Metropolis*, submit  
To rearms unworthy, not becoming it?  
First to worse straights, than e're hee yet indur'd  
In *Carlisle*, in these walls hee'l bee immur'd,  
Not onely Mice, Cats, Horses, shall bee meat,  
But Boots, and shooes, nay, Humane flesh they'l eat.

These brave resolves inforce the Enemy,  
On noble rearms, with *Gleman* to agree,  
And *Oxfords* yeilded: the two Princes are,  
*Rupert* and *Morice* shortly to repair  
To fottaign parts: The Duke of *York* must goe,  
His noble Brother, and his Sisters to,  
Now at *St. Jameses*: For the Parliament  
Had all the Royal Children up there pent;  
Except the Prince who had escap'd their hand.

From *Exeter* of late they did command,  
The youngest Daughter thither to bee brought,  
What thei'l do with them divers things are thought  
Let Royalists pray, and presage the best,  
This absent is a safety to the rest.

But whither doth my wandering Muse digress,  
Than Articles, the Roundheads nothing less



Perform : this the *Oxfordians* fully finde.

*Wallingford* is to *Fairfax* too resign'd,  
Though *Blague* the place most nobly did defend,  
But who 'gainst swords and famine can contend?  
This place like others must submit to fate.

✞ *Linchfield* the next comes to capitulate  
On terms : here valiant *Tinsley* plaid his part,  
Not all their Force, not all their Miners art,  
Not all their Batteries and *Granado's* great  
Prevail ; at every storm, they off were beat  
With loss, and shame enough; the Moats were fil'd,  
With bodies of th' Assailants in them kil'd.

This place by storm had been twice tane before,  
Which did th' Assailants animate the more  
To bold attempts ; but so they answered were,  
That no more Ladders did they dare to Rear,  
But close laid in their trenches and the town,  
But now provisions wonderous scarce are grown  
Within ; that Horse-flesh they begin to eat,  
Necessity *Tinsley* inforc'd to treat  
With th' Enemy, and now to yeild the place.

✞ Of all our Garrisons *Ragland* the Grace,  
And honour had, even out the last to hold,  
Nor the Old *Marquess* this surrender would,  
For all that *Morgan* with his Force could do,  
( Though much hee did ) *Fairfax* arriv'd here now  
The *Marquess* tels; as good terms hee would give  
If they shall yeild : So none of them shall live

Refusing :

Refusing: Life and Death stood in his power,  
Expecting answer once within an hour.

The Marquess to this Summons doth reply  
In time; nor did hee *Fairfax* quite deny;  
After some intercourse of Letters sent,  
The house is yeilded: Out the Souldiers went  
With Colours flying, and their Drums did bear,  
All arm'd in Martial furniture compleat.

Having some miles march'd in this Gallantry,  
Of Horse and Arms, they make delivery  
To *Fairfax*, the Triumphant Conquerer.

☛ The mercenary *Scots* mony prefer  
Before their King; hee's sold to th' Parliament,  
And from *New-castle* first to *Holmby* sent.

☛ The King had not long been here resident,  
Before five hundred Horse the Army sent,  
Which him surprize, and then to *Hampton-Court*  
Do with their Prize (or Prisoner) next resort.  
Thus though a King indeed bee in distress,  
'Tis valu'd much, his person to possess.

Here of access though friends admitted were,  
Perhaps, their projects that the King might fear  
The less; yet some gave him an intimation,  
'Gainst him of a resolv'd assassination,  
Therefore in a most dark tempestuous night,  
Hence he's inforc'd to his life-saving flight.

Though thus these Harpey's Talents hee evade,  
By th' imprudence alas! hee is betraid

Of *Berkley* and *Asburnham*, to the hands  
 Of *Hammond*, who the Isle of *Wight* commands,  
 Where most of that sad time hee yet surviv'd,  
 Hæe's kept of worldly comforts quite depriv'd.  
 ¶ But out again most fiercely breaks the War,  
*Poyer* and *Laughorn* for the King declare,  
 Confessing they Deluded had been long.

The Cavalliers conjoyn, potent and strong  
 They grow at *Pembraok*; *Chepstow* do surprize,  
 Rout and kill *Fleming*: but with fresh supplies,  
 Of well arm'd, and well ordered Horse and Foot  
 Comes *Horton*, fights them, to a total rout  
 Puts these unarm'd, scarce Marshall'd Cavalliers.

*Cromwell* before *Tenby* then soon appears,  
 And falls to storm, indeed so furiously,  
 That the Defendants soon for Quarter cry,  
 On mercy yeild: *Pembrook* and *Chepstow* are  
 Surrendred too, to this proud Conquerer.

¶ The *London* Mutiners this while are quel'd  
 The General by, the *Kentish* men compel'd,  
 After the fight at *Maidstone* to disband  
 Upon *Black-heath*: nor did the *Essexians* stand  
 To a field Fight, but into *Colchester*  
 Do fly, beseig'd by *Fairfax*. Parties are  
 Combin'd at *Kingston* upon *Thames*, and led  
 By *Holland*: whose designs discovered,  
 Roured they are to purpose, many rane,  
 And that young Lord stout *Francis Villiers* slain,  
 Brother



Brother to *Buckingham*, who did escape,  
 Then to beyond Seas straight himself berake,  
*Langdale* this while did in the North surprize  
*Carlisle*, and *Berwick*; and with him do rise  
 Many the *Northern* Gentry; whom unto  
 Advanceth the *Scots Generalissimo*  
*Hamilton*, with his numerous Regiments.

*Lilburn* of *Tinmoth* also now resents  
 Rebellion, and doth for the King declare,  
 But a short time, for a Siege to prepare,  
 To him and his doth *Hasleridge* afford,  
 The place hee storms, and puts them all to sword.

The other *Lilburn* did this while surprize,  
 Some hundreds of brave Gallants who did rise  
 Near *Anwick* for the King. To *Apleby*  
*Hamilton* comes, *Lambert* and his do fly,  
 With some small loss o're *Stain-more*: but their way  
 To make through *Lancashire* the *Scots* assay  
 With *Langdale*: As they march they do declare,  
 The King from thrall resolv'd to free they are.

But when the King heard who did thus ingage,  
 Successless their design hee did presage.

But *Crammel* having *Pembroke* lately won,  
 And all his *Western* work 'gainst *Poyer* now don;  
*North-ward* by expeditious Marches flies.

*Lambert* near *Skipton* with his Forces lies  
 Conjoyn'd, ten thousand strong upon the *Scot*,  
 Directly they advance, that fight was not

Defer'd, whereof the King presaged true ,  
And the *Scots* their sad expedition rue.

*Cromwel* goes forward *Lancashire* into ,  
Near *Preston* his Forlorn ingage the Foe ,  
But e're the *Scots* will draw their Forces out ,  
*Langdale*'s expos'd unto a total Rout ,  
Then charge the *Scots* thinking to bear away  
The Victory, and sole Glory of the Day ,  
But no such facill thing it was to bear  
*Cromwel* ; the *Scots* are forced to retreat  
Into the Town : *Cromwels* Horse them pursue ,  
Soon clear the Streets, and numbers of them slew.

The Duke doth with a stand of Pikes maintan  
The Bridge, till many of his men were slain ,  
And till the wish'd obscurity of night ,  
Gave him advantage of a further flight.

With execution great pursu'd those were ,  
Who fled to *Lancaster*-ward : every where  
Great heaps of slaughter'd *Scots* by th' way do lye.  
To *Wiggon*-ward this night the Duke doth flye ,  
Yet a strong Barn hee manned by the way ,  
This for a while *Cromwels* pursuit doth stay ,  
And did some execution on his Horse ,  
But for to yeild on mercy they inforce  
The *Scots*, who from them little mercy finde.

From *Wiggon* the third day, the Duke design'd  
For *Warrington* : but by the way, of ground,  
Having a plot most advantageous found ,

They

They make a stand : so fierce a fight maintain,  
That Roundheads there are full a thousand slain  
In half a hour, the rest ready to flye.

At which *Cromwel* rises up, aloud doth cry,  
Come follow mee, and on himself then goes,  
Leaping the Hedge t' amongst the thickest Foes,  
Of whom some hundreds on the place are slain,  
And full two thousand of them Prisoners tane.

The routed *Scots* straight to the Bridgeward make,  
The Duke with all his Horse doth here forsake  
His Foot; which at the Bridge delivered are,  
With all their Arms, as Prisoners sad of War,  
By *Bayley* unto *Cromwel*, who did go  
North-ward triumphantly to meet *Monroe*.

¶ *Hamilton* to *Nantwich* directly flies,  
Against him every where the Country rise,  
At *Uxiter* Lord *Gray* doth him inforce  
Himself to yeild, with nigh three thousand 'orse.  
Thus are his men all routed, tane, or dead,  
And hee himself adjudg'd to lose his head.

Heaven in their kinde the *Scots* repay now would,  
Who sold the King, by multitudes are sold.

¶ *Cromwel* by this had *Barwick* bounds acquir'd,  
*Monroe* for *Scotland* had again retir'd.

And the Kirk parry do most Zealously,  
The Dukes late expedition, curse, decry.

At *Edenburge* they feast, applause, and stile,  
*Cromwel* the man, who now could reconcile

Their



Their Differences ; whose presence, prowess, wit,  
Made the Malignant party now submit.

For *Lanckerick* and *Memroe* are forc'd t' agree  
Now with *Arguile*, the Kirk, Presbytery.

With *Cromwells* part, but late Sectarians stil'd,  
The Kirk's cemented, and fresh reconcil'd.  
Thus *Protem*-like the Kirk's even what you list,  
An *Hamiltonian* or a *Cromwellist*.

✠ *Berwick* and *Carlisle* too delivered are  
To *Cromwel*, who for *England* doth repair  
Tryumphantly ; *Scarborough* and *Pomfret*'s won,  
✠ Though the *Colchestrians* act what might be don  
By art or valour, in their own Defence  
Though with his Fleet, the Prince not far from  
Hover'd at Sea, yet Famine doth prevail, (thence  
All expectations of releif them fail,  
And yeild they must to *Fairfax* ; whose Decree,  
Was *Lisle* and *Lucas* shot to Death should bee.  
And thus in short wee end the second War.

✠ *Cromwel* his hopes no longer will defer,  
*Cobbet* is sent to *Carisborough* for the King,  
To *Hurst*, and then to *Winfor* they him bring.  
✠ Of Justice an High Court they then erect,  
A thing most unjust, horrid, these effect,  
Their King arraign, condemn, and execute,  
What Hell-hounds thus did *Cromwells* purpose suit ?  
What Judge durst Sentence pass so Impious ?  
Was there no Gods that had respect to us ?

Or

Or to our King ? what, will the powers Divine,  
Their Vengeance from such Miscreants heads de-

If such acts irreligious shall go free, (cline ?  
Who will believe there's any Deity ?  
Or that these things sublunary, at all  
Under cognizance of the Gods do fall.

The Gods on Mortals can inflict no wrath,  
*Jove's* but a fiction, and no thunder hath  
*Tisiphone* ! there no such Fury is,  
Hell's but a fable and her *Nemesis*,  
No matter whether Heaven wee love or hate,  
There's no such place; all things are rul'd by Fate.

Ah ! whether doth my passion mee transport,  
Justice dispenc'd will be from Heavens high Court,  
On the High Court of Justice : blood for blood  
Cryes out aloud, and will bee understood,  
Revenge whereof although the Gods delay,  
It's with more Fury, that they may repay,  
Their Miscreant Enemies, and make them know,  
They have respect to things done here below.

*Finis Libri Octavi.*



A  
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